

# A J A X

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# SOPHOCLES.

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Translated from the GREEK,  
with NOTES.

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—*Vos Exemplaria Grata  
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*  
Hor.

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THEOBALD

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E. O. N. D. O. N.

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THE  
PUBLISHER  
TO THE  
READER.



**T**HE Reputation of the Ancient Greek Tragedy is so universally known, that there can be no occasion for an Apology to usher in a Translation of any of 'em. I will only beg leave therefore to acquaint you with my present Design in the prosecution of that Attempt, and the manner in which I intend to execute it,

I have by me the Tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Translated into English blank Verse; they are all, as I have been assur'd by several Gentlemen of allow'd Judgment in these Matters, very exactly done from the Greek; the sense of the several Authors is every where very faith-

## To the Reader.

fully given; and where-ever the regard which was necessary to be had to our own Language would allow of it, the Translation is so near the Original, as to be of use to the Learners of the Greek Language, by the assistance it may give them in the construction of these Authors; and where-ever the Translators have been obliged to take more than ordinary Liberty in departing from the words of the Text, Care is taken at the same time to give the literal Interpretation of the Greek in the Notes. Tho' this Translation (as it is but a Translation, and by its nature consequently confin'd and cramp'd in the Diction) may not come up to that beauty of Language and Expression which is to be found in some of the best of our Original English Tragedies; yet it is hop'd that nothing will be found in the Stile, that is either Cold, Mean, or absolutely below this kind of Writing. For the rest, I am to inform the Reader, that the Notes which are added, are Critical, and Philological. Among those of the first kind, Care is taken not to tire the Reader with stale Observations gather'd out of our own or the French Writers on these Subjects; nothing more being

## To the Reader.

ing design'd than to point out plainly those Passages which are suppos'd Beauties, or Faults ; and tho' there may be but very few of the latter, yet it is hop'd that it will not be lookt upon as a piece of Presumption, to mark what is thought to be wrong ; since these Heroes of the first and best Ages of Poetry, as venerable and as excellent as they are, are not always Infallible. For the other Notes that are Philological they are meant chiefly for Explaining and Illustrating the several Authors. And for that Reason, every thing in the old Greek Scholia's, that may conduce to that End, will be Translated in the proper places. I have given the publick the **AJAX** of **SOPHOCLES** as a Specimen of my Undertaking. If they think fit to encourage it, I intend to give 'em one every Month, till I have gone thro' all the Greek Tragedies.

I had forgot to observe, that when the Works of any one Author (as **Æschylus**) are compleated, there will be an account of his **LIFE**, and a proper Critical Preface prefix'd before 'em.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

*Minerva.*

*Ulysses.*

*Ajax.*

*Chorus of Salaminian Seamen.*

*Tecmessa.*

*Euryaces.*

*Teucer.*

*Menelaus.*

*Agamemnon.*

*SCENE the Grecian Camp  
near Troy.*

*AJAX.*



# A J AX

## ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is the Tent of AJAX. ULYSSES standing near it, and seeming to look into it. To him MINERVA, descends and hangs in the Air.

## M I N E R V A.

HEE always I observe, Laerte's Son,  
To keep thy ancient Character of Wise,  
Prevent the Mischief, and forestall the  
Foe.

Now have I seen thee in the Naval Camp  
Of Ajax, outmost where his Quarter lies,  
Long while unravelling his dubious Paths,  
Tracing the last Impressions of his Feet,  
Which way they lead, and where direct the Chase.  
You've follow'd right; for not the Spartan Hound  
With surer Scent tracks out the wander'd Game,  
Than thou hast Ajax: He is here within,

His Head and murd'rous Hands besmear'd with Sweat,  
 Then cease thy curious Search and turn thy Eye  
 From off the Portal, say what seek'st thou there?  
 And learn from me whatever thou wou'd'st know. 15

*Ulyss.* O Voice! sweet sounding of belov'd *Minerva*,  
 Of all the Gods most honour'd, most belov'd,  
 Heard, tho' unseen; I hear thy charming Words,  
 And strait convey them to my list'ning Soul,  
 Which wakes attentive, and with Ardour glows, 20  
 As at the Signal of the *Tyrrhene* Trumpet.

Well hast thou found me in perplexing Paths  
 Searching my Rival, Target-bearing *Ajax*,  
 On him, and him alone, my Search is bent.

This Night a rash and unexpected Act

His Hand has done; at least if he cou'd do it;  
 For doubting yet in Ignorance we wander.

To be ascertain'd then of Truth, my self  
 Most willing to the Toil I have submitted,  
 To trace the Author of the slaughter'd Beasts. 30

For now, just now, we've found our Flocks and Herds,  
 The Cattle of the Army, with their Feeders.

Slain, drown'd in Streams of their yet flowing Blood.  
 Each Tongue accuses *Ajax*: And a Spy

That saw him furious, bounding o're the Fields, 35  
 And brandishing aloft his reeking Sword,  
 Confirms the Story, and the Peoples Rumour.

Strait I went out to track him by his Steps,  
 Which run diversly devious; here I find him,  
 Here I'm amaz'd again, and want a Guide. 40  
 Most opportunely Goddess art thou come,

As

As heretofore thy fav'ring Hand shall lead me  
Thro' these, and all the future Paths of Life.

*Min.* I knew it, and have hover'd Guardian round thee,  
Run down the Game, and guided thy Pursuit. 45

*Ulyss.* Say then my Goddess stiall my Toil succeed?

*Min.* As sure as *Ajax* is the guilty Man.

*Ulyss.* What could incite him to a Rage like this?

*Min.* He burns with Wrath for the disputed Arms;

*Ulyss.* Why does he vent his Spleen on harmless  
Flocks? 50

*Min.* He thinks, he bathes his Hands in *Gracian*  
Blood.

*Ulyss.* Against the *Gracians* then th' Attempt was  
form'd.

*Min.* Without my Care you'd felt the Truth you  
hear,

And all had been unhappily convinc'd.

*Ulyss.* By what dire Methods, and unpractic'd Bold-  
ness? 55

*Min.* With fatal Fraud, and screen'd in blackest  
Night,

He stole upon you when disarm'd by Sleep.

*Ulyss.* Was he then near us? Had he almost done it?

*Min.* He stood, just enter'd in, the General's Tent.

*Ulyss.* How cou'd he keep his vengeful Hands from  
Slaughter? 60

*Min.* I turn'd him thence, and cast before his Eyes

A Mist delusive, and his Fancy pleas'd

With a less fatal, tho' destructive Joy.

I drove him to the Fields, where waking Swains

Their lowing Herds, and bleating Charges kept: 65  
 Infatiate he mow'd down his horned Foes,  
 Whirling them round, dispensing sportive Death;  
 Now dragg'd reluctant Bulls, and seem'd to grasp  
 The Sons of *Atreus* in his bloody Arms,  
 And other Beasts for other Leaders flew. 70  
 I drove the frantick Wretch with sickly Dreams  
 From Place to Place, and vext his boiling Soul.  
 When surfeited at length he ceas'd from slaughter,  
 What yet remain'd alive of Bulls, or Sheep,  
 With galling Chains he bound as Captive Foes, 75  
 And brought the fetter'd Herd in triumph home;  
 And now he tears them with incessant Stripes,  
 Smiles at their Pains, and Sports with his Revenge.  
 But, be thy self a Witness to his Madness;  
 That thou may'st tell the *Gracians* what thou'st seen. 80  
 Stand firm, nor fear Misfortune from his Rage;  
 I will avert his Beams of Sight from thee,  
 You, who in Chains confine your parting Slaves!  
*Ajax* I mean! come forth before these Gates!

*Ulyss.* What mean you, Goddess! call not *Ajax* cut. 85

*Min.* Be silent, and betray not thus thy Fear.

*Ulyss.* I fear not by the Gods! but let him stay.

*Min.* Why! is he chang'd to something more than  
 Man?

*Ulyss.* He's the same Foe to me he ever was.

*Min.* 'Tis greatest Pleasure to deride our Foes. 90

*Ulyss.* I quit the Pleasure, let him stay within.

*Min.* 'Tis plain; you fear the Sight of *Ajax* mad.

*Ulyss.* *Ajax* not mad, I shou'd not fear to see.

*Min.*

Min. Altho' you touch him, *Ajax* shall not see you.

Ulyss. How can he help it, if he sees at all? 95

Min. I'll wrap, in Veils of Night, his open Eyes.

Ulyss. Nothing's too hard for Deities to do.

Min. Stand silent then, - and keep the Place you're in.

Ulyss. I will: Tho' Absence wou'd delight me more.

Min. *Ajax!* again I call thee! why so slow 100  
To hear the Voice of thy assisting Goddess?



## A C T, I. SCENE II.

A J A X, M I N E R V A, and U L Y S S E S.

Aja. Welcome, *Minerva*, Daughter born of *Jove*;  
Thou didst assist me well; for this Success  
With golden Spoils thy Statue will I Crown.

Min. 'Tis greatly said! but tell me, is thy Sword 105  
Yet beautifully stain'd in *Grecian* Blood?

Aja. Yes, my Revenge is glutted, and I triumph  
Beyond my Wishies.

Min. Have the *Atridae* felt  
Thy Arm deep buried in their hated Bosoms? 110

Aja. *Ajax* no more shall be despis'd by them.

Min. What are they dead?

Ajax. Dead are the mighty Judges!  
Now let them rob me of my Arms again.

Min. But how have you dispos'd *Laerte*'s Son? 115  
Or has he scap'd your Sword?

Aja. Inquires thou  
Of that haranguing Slave, that Fox in Armour?

Min. I mean *Ulysses*, thy Antagonist.

*Aja.* A pleasant Sight fast bound within he lies 120  
To suffer Life ; for Death would be a Kindness.

*Min.* Why is he spar'd? What can he more than die?

*Aja.* First to a Marble Pillar will I bind him.

*Min.* What new unheard of Woes dost thou prepare?

*Aja.* I'll Plow his whaly Back with goaring Stripes,  
Multiply Tortures, and spin out his Death. 125

*Min.* Ah! do not thus torment the wretched Man.

*Aja.* In all but this, *Minerva*, I obey you ;  
This Fate he must submit to, and no other.

*Min.* Do then thy Pleasure, and imprint each  
Wound 130

Deep as thy Rage, and lasting as thy Hate.

*Aja.* I go with Pleasure to the Work ; O Goddess !  
Be thou thus Ever to my Arms assisting.



## A C T I. S C E N E III.

*MINERVA, ULYSSES.*

*Min.* You see, *Ulysses*, what a Power it is  
The Gods enjoy : Who once than *Ajax* was 135  
More sage in Councils, or in Battles brave ?

*Ulyss.* None I confess : But I with willing Tears  
Commiserate the wretched, tho' my Foe,  
Intangl'd in inexplicable Ills.

Nor him alone I pity, but Mankind, 140  
Myself, and all that live, meer empty Nothings,  
Appearances of Things, unbody'd Shadows.

*Min.*

*Min.* By this Example be thou warn'd ; nor dare  
 To open thy bold Lips against the Gods :  
 Nor swell with Pride, if Riches, Wit, or Strength 145  
 Lift thee Superior to the rest of Men :  
 For Man, and ev'ry thing that waits upon him :  
 Are but, perhaps, the Creatures of a Day,  
 Subject to Fraud, to Force, to Heav'n. The Gods  
 Approve the Modest, and abhor the Proud. 150

[Minerva flies up, and Ulysses  
 goes out, and immediately  
 come in the Chorus of Sala-  
 minian Sailors.]

## I.

Chorus. O Son of Telamon, the future King  
 Of Sea-encompass'd Salamis,  
 With thee I mourn, with thee I pleasant sing  
 Companion of thy Grief and Bliss.  
 But, when I see thee struck from Fove,  
 Or hear thy upright Vertue wrong'd  
 By evil Rumour hundred-tongu'd,  
 My flowing Tears proclaim my Love,  
 I weep for thy unhappy Fate,  
 Sad as the soft-ey'd Turtle for his Mate.

## II.

Offspring of yester Night, tumultuous Fears  
 Invade for thee my troubl'd Breast,  
 Since from the Camp a Rumour reacht my Ears,  
 That thou with frantick Rage possess'd ;

With brandish'd Arm, and glitti'ring Sword,  
 And leaping furious o're the Plains,  
 Hast slain the Flocks, the Herds, the Swains,  
 And all that Græcia's Stores afford,  
 The Spoils the Purchase of the Spear,  
 And the whole Plunder of a ten Years War.

## III.

Ulysses spreads abroad the foul Report,  
 And whispers it in ev'ry Ear,  
 And gains Belief, while with insulting Sport  
 The Græcians thy Misfortunes bear :  
 Thus Envy wounds the Men of State,  
 Whilst such as I below her dart  
 Securely lie, too mean to smart ;  
 And yet without the envy'd Great,  
 The feeble Crowd cou'd never bear  
 The Weight of Cities, or the Storms of War.

## IV.

These thy Accusers are, and these thy Crimes,  
 Whilst thou art absent all are Foes,  
 And unresisted envy higher climbs ;  
 We are not able to oppose :  
 So little Birds, when now no more  
 The sounding Vulture's Wings they bear,  
 In noise Clamours end their Fear,  
 Forgetting how they quak'd before.  
 Oh ! woud'st thou once resume thy Sword,  
 They'd trembling shrink, and hush each envious Word.

V. Diana.

## V.

Diana sure, the bloody Scythian Maid  
Revenges some neglected Vow  
Of Spoils unoffer'd, or Success unpaid,  
Or something you've forgot to do :  
Or th' Adamantine God of War  
Some cruel Accusation brought,  
Of Battels which with you be fought,  
Of Victory deny'd his Share ;  
And on the Flocks, this fatal Night,  
Has thus rewarded the unhappy Slight.

## VI.

Mad to be sure thou wert ; the mighty Son  
Of Telamon before must rave,  
Or had not such a thoughtless Mischief done ;  
On Flocks ridiculously brave.  
O ! May the opprobrious Rumour die :  
But if the Græcian Leaders frame  
This false Report to soil thy Name,  
Rise, Ajax, face the Infant-lie,  
And look it down, e'er yet 'tis built,  
Nor, by submitting to it, own the Guilt.

## VII.

Rise from the Lethargy, in which you've sate  
A statue growing to the Ground,  
Perplex'd with silent Pains, and racking bate :  
The Sparks of Envy crackle round,

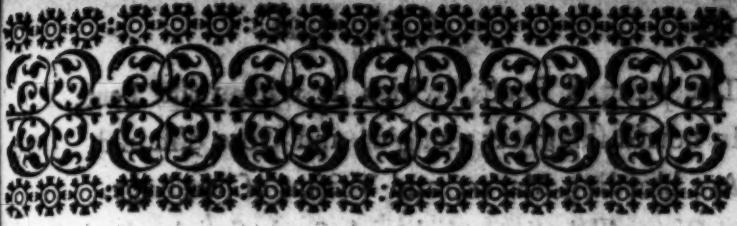
## A J AX

And unextinguish'd kindle, grow,  
And as a Flame in some vast Wood  
Fann'd by the Air, supply'd with Food,  
Blazing impetuous as it goes,  
So spreads thy Shame from ev'ry Tongue;  
So still my Grief increases with thy wrong.

End of the First Act.



A C T



A C T . I I .   S C E N E . I .

TECHMESSA, CHORUS.

TECHMESSA.

Y OU who have follow'd *Ajax* o'er the Seas,  
Sons of *Erechtheus*, you, who shar'd his  
love,

My throbbing Heart bleeds for him, tho'  
I'm born

Far off from *Salamis* or *Telamon*:

For now the Great, the Iron-hearted *Ajax*,

The Godlike, the Intrepid, he is fal'n;

Fal'n low alas! And sinks beneath a Flood

Of Woes, o'rewhelm'd by the prevailing Tempest.

Chor. What Alteration has the Night brought forth?

What new Addition made to his Misfortunes?

Daughter of *Phrygian Teleutas*, speak,

Whom valiant *Ajax* won to grace his Arms,

Rais'd to his Bed, his Mistress, not his Slave.

You'r always near him, and can best inform us.

Tech. How shall I tell th' unutterable Tale?

You'll die to hear, as well as I to speak it:

This last unhappy Night Illustrious *Ajax*

Was struck with Madness, and delirious Fury:

The

The mangl'd Beasts, which lie within the Tent,  
In horrid slaughter plung'd, and Gore disdain'd,  
Are bleeding Marks, and Victims of his Rage.

*Chor.* Ah! my prophetick Soul shrinks back; and  
wou'd

Not hear the Truth she fears. This same Report  
Thou now hast told us, of the frantick *Ajax*,  
Has long been whisper'd thro' the *Gracian* Camp,  
And still the Rabble swell the Tale in telling.  
Alas! I fear the dreadful Consequence!  
The wretched Man, who in the Dark of Night  
With Sword wide-wasting, and distracted Hand,  
The *Gracian* Cattle with the Herds-men flew,  
Discover'd, must irrevocably die;  
His Doom is fixt, and unavoidable.

*Tech.* Were those the *Gracian* Cattle, then, he brought  
In Chains triumphant home? A hideous sight  
Of Wounds wide-gaping, and disfever'd Beasts  
Disjointed, torn, with labour'd Tortures kill'd!  
He, grinning, horrid, Two white-footed Goats  
Graspt in his Hands, and shav'd the Tongue and Head  
Clear from the lifeless Trunk of one; the other  
With Bonds implicit round a Post entwin'd  
Erect, he rising to the vengeful Blows,  
Wounded with double-corded sounding Whips,  
Uttering such horrible, outrageous Words,  
As none but evil Demons cou'd inspire.

*Chor.* Why don't we hide his Face, and force him  
hence?  
Steal him from Ruin, tho' against his Will?

Or carry him aboard, and hoisting Sails  
 Intrust our Fortunes to the Winds and Waves?  
 For the *Atride*, the Two Brother Chiefs  
 Breathe present Death, and like a Tempest Rage; 50  
 That now for him, for us, for you I fear  
 Some common Mischief will involve us all,  
 Ston'd, bruis'd, and bury'd in a Heap of Deaths;  
 Such unremitting Madness has possess'd him.

*Tech.* At length it ceas'd; like the stormy South, 55  
 Which, when the rapid Lightnings cease to drive,  
 Softens into a Calm: And now he feels  
 New Cares return with his returning Sense.  
 For to behold with Tears domestick Ills,  
 Ourselves the only Authors of our Miseries, 60  
 Is sure a Torture worse than being Mad.

*Chor.* Then happy are we if his Frenzy's gone;  
 The Ill remov'd; how can he yet be wretched?

*Tech.* Which wou'd you chuse, were you allow'd  
 the Choice, 65  
 To be yourself at Ease, and Pleasures feel  
 While your Friends wept; or else yourself and Friends  
 To be in equal Circumstance of Pain?

*Cho.* The last, and double Evil is the greater.

*Tech.* Ajax, not mad, is ne'ertheless unhappy.

*Chor.* What hast thou said? I understand thee not. 70

*Tech.* When Ajax rav'd, and Frenzy rul'd his Brain,  
 Senseless of Ill he joy'd for what we mourn'd.  
 At length his wand'ring Reason is return'd,  
 And with it Melancholy, Grief, and Pain,  
 Yet we have still the same sad Cause to mourn. 75

Has he not then Two Ills, for One he lost ?

*Chor.* Now I agree to all you've said, and fear  
Some God incens'd prepares a coming Blow.

What can this mean ! that *Ajax* joys no more  
In his returning Health than in his Pain ?

*Tecb.* Believe me, thus it is.

*Chor.* Tell us how first the sad Disease began ;  
'Tis fit we hear, because we share his Fortunes.

*Tecb.* Ye Partners of his Griefs shall hear it all.

'Twas now high Night, and all the Evening Lamps  
Done or extinguish'd, when he took his Sword  
Edg'd on all Sides, and essay'd to go forth  
At that dark, un frequented time ; I stop'd him,  
And as I chid him, said, What mean you *Ajax*,  
Arm'd thus, and at this time uncall'd, unsent for ?  
The silent Trumpet wakens none to War ;  
The *Gracian* Army now securely sleeps.

He answer'd shortly, but in Words of Weight,  
*The Ornament of Womankind is Silence.*

I heard, and said no more ; he fally'd out  
Alone, but what he did abroad, I know not ;  
But he return'd, and enter'd dragging bound  
The Herds and Herdmens Dogs confus'd together,  
A horrid Rout ! Some horned Heads he lopp'd,  
Others up-turn'd he ripp'd with many a Gash,  
Others he broke distorted, and with joy  
Diversify'd the Images of Death.  
Others he bound, imaginary Men,  
And scourg'd in ev'ry Beast a fancy'd Foe.  
*At last he flew distracted out of Doors,*

104

And

And converse held with some fantastic Shadow,

Now 'gainst th' *Atrida*, now against *Ulysses*,

Loudly he rag'd then with a frantick Laugh

Cry out, their Injuries were now repay'd.

Into the House again he rush'd, and scarce

110

With Pain at last regain'd his wander'd Senſe ;

But when he saw around th' unſeenly Heaps,

He beat his Head, cry'd loud, and on the Ruins

Of mangled Carcasses Incumbent fate,

Tearing his Hair in anguish from the Roots.

115

Long thus he ſate, e'er Grief admitted Words;

But when he threaten'd me with cruel Aspect,

If I conceal'd a Tittle from his Knowledge ;

And ask'd me, Where he'd been ? and what he'd done ?

I wept, and trembling told him all I knew.

120

He turn'd, and ſigh'd, and uter'd ſuch Complaints

As I ne'er heard, nor *Ajax* made before.

For *Ajax* us'd to leave for little Souls

The vain Relief of Sighs and weak Complaints,

He like ſome Bull that grumbles inward bellowings,

125

In fullen Groans disdain'd the feeble Mischief.

But now he ſits despairing, impotent,

Amidſt the Blood and Havock he has made,

Nor eats, nor drinks ; whilst Thousand Passions tear

His stubborn Soul ; he ſighs, laments, and weeps,

130

And sinks the Hero in the wretched Man.

His Groans, his Words declare ſome brooding ill

Sits deep at Heart, and heavy on his Brow.

But enter, Friends, my Errand was to you,

To

To beg your best Endeavours for my Lord ; 135  
 You are his Friends, and likeliest to prevail.

Chor. Thy Story, O Techmessa, is most mournful,  
 A wretched Man distracted with his Griefs.

Aja. Oh ! [From within.]

Tecb. Hark ! again his Sorrows seem to rise. 140  
 Did you not hear the wailing Voice of Ajax ?

Aja. Oh ! Oh !  
 Chor. He seems to have a new Disease,  
 Or mourn th' Extravagancies of the old one.

Aja. Oh ! Son, my Son, ---- 145  
 Tecb. Ah ! What is that I hear ?

What means his calling for my Euryaces ?  
 Where art thou, Child ? O ! I'm undone for ever !

Aja. Oh ! Where is Teucer ? Will he then for ever  
 Pursue the Prey, and let his Brother die ? 150

Chor. His Sorrow speaks his Sense ; but open quickly,  
 The Sight of me will make his Grief discreet.

Tecb. The Door is open, now you may behold  
 What he has done, the Actions, and the Man.



A C T . II.     S C E N E . II.

A J A X, C H O R U S, T E C H M E S S A.

Aja. O ! my Associates, Countrymen, and Friends ! 155  
 You, who alone deserve the Name of Friends

To miserable *Ajax* ! there behold  
See what a purple Flood of wavy Gore  
Floats there, and rolls its horrid Surge around me !

*Cho.* My Eyes are Witness to the Truth, you utter ; 160  
But the whole Action speaks its Author mad,  
And therefore not susceptible of blame.

*Aja.* O ye experienc'd in the Naval Art,  
Who hither wasted me with toiling Oars,  
You only of all those, to whom the Care 165  
Of *Ajax* was committed, I have found  
Obedient, kind, and willing to assist.  
Now by your friendly Hand let *Ajax* die,  
And mix with these dishonourable Heaps.

*Cho.* Avert the Omen Heav'ns ! do not, *Ajax*, 170  
Add Grief to Grief, and multiply your Sorrows.

*Aja.* Behold the Brave, the Lion-hearted *Ajax*,  
Intrepid midst the horrid Din of War,  
On harmless Flocks dispensing mighty Blows.  
O Mockery ! O wonder-working Hero ! 175

*Tech.* Alas, my dearest Lord, forbear to rave !

*Aja.* Go back, be gone, and let me not have Cause  
To speak a second time. O wretched Man !

*Cho.* Now I conjure you by the Gods, submit  
Your Passion to your Reason. [180]

*Aja.* O ! unhappy !  
Who let the execrable Villains go,  
And in the Blood of Bulls, and Sheep and Goats,  
Illustrious Foes ! have stain'd my erring Sword.

*Cho.* What is already done, not Fate it self 185

Can disannul, or Sorrow make undone : 170  
Then shed not fruitless Tears.

*Aja.* O Serpentine,  
In subtlety and sting, Laerte's Son,  
The hated Instrument of all my Woes,  
Thou basest, vile Misleader of our Host, 175  
Thou laugh'st secure, and mak'st my Ills thy sport.

*Cbo.* Our Griefs and Joys do all from Heaven come  
Heav'n may repay ---

*Aja.* No --- trouble not the Gods,  
Let me but see him, broken as I am, 200  
And I'll --- alas ! I rave ---

*Cho.* The State you're in  
Calls out for other Language to the Gods.

*Aja.* O Jove, great Father of my Ancestors,  
How shall I sacrifice this smooth-tongu'd Villain, 205  
And both th' imperious Tyrants of the Army,  
To grace my Tomb, and feast my injur'd Ghost,  
Then die my self, victorious in my Fall ?

*Teb.* Talk not of Death, for with the Name you  
kill me. 210  
How shall Techmessa live if Ajax dies ?

*Aja.* O darksome Erebus, not dark to me,  
For dark's my Light, and Death my only Life,  
Take me a Dweller to your gloomy Groves.  
For neither Gods, nor Men, nor Heav'n, nor Earth  
I can behold with Profit or Delight. 215  
The Warrior, Daughter of Almighty Jove,  
Lashes and drives me, furions, on to Death.

Where

Where shou'd I fly? or whether shou'd I go?  
 Prosperity has left my Friends and me;  
 A Train of Evils follow close behind; 210  
 I've lost my Arms, my Honour, and my Sense.  
 What yet remains? wou'd I resolve to live?  
 The *Grecian* Cheifs with armed Troops wou'd come  
 And force me to the Death I wou'd not take.

Tech. Owretched! that so good, so brave a Man 220  
 Should speak such Words! He did not use to do so.

Aja. Ye Floods that Sea-ward roll, ye watry Caves,  
 Thou Shore-defending Forest, prominent  
 Far into Ocean, many tedious Years  
 You've held me fighting round the Trojan Walls: 230  
 But now farewell; ye shall no longer see  
 The injur'd *Ajax* drawing vital Air.  
 O ye *Scamandrian*, Silver-flowing Streams,  
 Thou Friend to *Greece*, thou Thirst-allaying River,  
 Farewell; this Man thou never more shalt see; 239  
 This Man (allow a dying Man to boast)  
 Than whom from *Greece* no greater Hero came;  
 None greater *Grecia* sent, or *Trojans* fear'd:  
 But now disfigur'd, chang'd from what he was!

Chor. I cannot silence thee, nor hear thee speak, 240  
 Such, and so many Ills at once oppress thee.

Aja. Ah! Ah! my Sorrows! Who wou'd e're have  
 thought  
 My Name wou'd thus agree with my Estate?  
 Ajax has Griefs enough to mourn, and mourn,  
 And often to repeat the Sounds of Woe. 249

Tho' my great Father from his Land return'd,  
 Adorn'd with glorious Spoils, the bright Rewards  
 Of Strength superior, and distinguish'd Worth :  
 Yet I his Son in this same hated Land,  
 Nor less my Strength than his, tho' less my Fame, 250  
 Die, thus dishonour'd by the *Gracian* Cheifs.  
 Yet this my injur'd, conscious Vertue knows,  
 Did yet *Achilles* live, was he to judge  
 Of his own Arms, and of the happy Hero,  
 Who best deserv'd them, I should be the Man. 255  
 But the *Atridae* gave the glorious Spoils  
 To false *Ulysses*, and rejected me.  
 But had not my distracted Mind, and Eyes,  
 False Guides ! diverted me from my Design,  
 They ne'er had sat to judge of Merit more. 260  
 But the Death-looking Virgin Deity,  
 When the Attempt was ripen'd to a Birth,  
 Dethron'd my Reason, robb'd me of my self,  
 And thus disgrac'd my Sword with slaughter'd Beasts.  
 They, now escap'd, deride my wild Distemper, 265  
 Who had not had e'er now the Pow'r to laugh.  
 But who can conquer, when the Gods oppose ?  
 What then remains for me to do ; thus hated  
 By Gods, by *Gracians*, and by hostile *Troy*,  
 For me ; whom ev'n this Earth despairs to bear ? 270  
 Shall I go home, and cross th' *Egean* Sea,  
 And leave alone th' *Atridae*, and their Fleet ?  
 But how shall I before my Father stand ?  
 Or how will *Telamon* behold his Son ?  
 Naked

Naked of all those Ornaments of War, 275  
Those glorious Spoils, he taught me to obtain, <sup>me to avert</sup>  
When crown'd with Honours he himself return'd? <sup>for</sup>  
It is not to be born. Shall I then go,  
Singly oppos'd against the Strength of *Troy*,  
And amidst slaughter'd Heaps search glorious Death? 280  
But this might gratify th' *Atridae*'s Pride.  
No--- Some great ; other Action must be found,  
To shew the aged *Telamon* I'm his,  
And share his Virtues as I share his Blood.  
Mean is the Wretch who begs for Life with Pain, 285  
Who lengthens out unintermitting Woe,  
To him each Day is joyless, as the former  
Adds a poor Space to Life, and keeps off Death.  
I hold him as the lowest of Mankind,  
Who lingers on, and hangs by empty Hope. 290  
Or to live bravely, or as bravely die,  
Is the Distinction of the Great and Wise.

*Chor.* No one will say thou hast dissembl'd, *Ajax*,  
In ev'ry Sentence thou hast spoke thyself.  
But yet desist, invincible by Foes; 295  
Be conquer'd by your Friends ; forego your Cares.

*Tech.* O my dread Lord ! Ill Fortune, and Mischance  
Are Evils great, as unavoidable.  
I had a Father once of free Estate,  
In Honour high, and rich in *Phrygian* Wealth ; 300  
Now I'm a Slave, (so Gods ordain) assign'd  
Your Captive. But, e'er since I shar'd your Bed,  
My Love has reconcil'd, and made me yours.  
Now I beseech you by domestick *Jove*,

By

By the first soft Embrace, and conscious Bed, 309  
 Leave me not helpless for another Master,  
 To be abus'd, the Sport of all your Foes.  
 The Day you die, think how your Son, and I  
 Shall by the cruel Greeks be dragg'd about  
 Unworthy, to Bonds, and a servile Life.  
 Then shall some bitter, and opprobrious Master 310  
 Say scoffing, is this she whom *Ajax* lov'd?  
 Behold the Partner of the Hero's Bed  
 In other Service, under other Lords.  
 Thus will they say, and thus shall I be us'd,  
 And thou, and thy great Race giv'n up to Scorn. 315  
 Think on thy Father in his sad old Age,  
 And dead to all the Joys of Life, but thee.  
 Think on thy hoary Mother, who with Tears  
 Sollicites all the Gods for thy Return.  
 Pity thy Son, O Prince, whom thou must leave 320  
 Forlorn, and destitute of noble Nurture  
 To some unfriendly Guardian's harsh Command.  
 This Portion leaves thy Death to him and me.  
 I have no Arms to shelter me, but thine.  
 By thy victorious Hand my Country fell, 325  
 My Mother by thy Sword; another Fate  
 Snatch'd hence my Father to the Shades below.  
 Thou art my Father, Mother, Country, all,  
 All I have lost, or all I wish to have:  
 Remember me, if ever thou wert pleas'd 330  
 With me, or with my diligence to please,  
 If I had ought of Charms, or thou of Love.  
 Ingratitude is an ignoble Vice,

A Sip of Baseness, Ajax cannot have it.

Chor. O Ajax, did you melt, like me, with Pity, 335

I'm sure you could not but approve her Words.

Aja. I do approve her, nay she shall be prais'd,  
If she will readily perform my Orders.

Tech. Speak what they are, in all Things I'll obey you.

Aja. Bring hither then my Son, that I may see him. 340

Tech. I stole him hence from the surrounding Storms.

Aja. What was it while my fierce Distraction reign'd?

Tech. Least your deluded Rage shou'd meet, and kill

Aja. If I had done it, it was of a Peice  
With my Misfortunes. 345

Tech. I've preserv'd him still.

Aja. Well have you done; I praise your prudent Care.

Tech. What next, my Lord, can I oblige you in?

Aja. Let me behold my Son, and speak to him.

Tech. He's near this Place, the neighb'ring Servant's  
Care. 350

Aja. Why does he then delay to come before me?

Tech. My Child, thy Father calls thee; bring him hither  
Whatever Servant has him in his Arms.

Aja. Does he yet hear you, is he coming forth?

Tech. Yes; see a Servant now approaches with him.

355



A C T

\*\*\*\*\*

## A C T II. S C E N E III.

A J A X, T E C H M E S S A, C H O R U S, a S e r v a n t holding  
a w y e d i l l a g u i d E U R Y S A C E S.

*Aja.* Come, bring him hither, if the Boy is mine  
He will not tremble at the Sight of Blood.

For thus betimes his tender Infancy,  
Must be inur'd, be fashion'd to my Manners,  
And taught to imitate his rugged Sire. 360  
My Son! be happier than thy Father was;  
In all things else be like him, and be brave.  
And now thus weak; thus little as thou art,  
How happy art thou in not knowing Ill.

A Life of Ignorance is far the sweetest; 365  
To know, is to know Pain: A thoughtless Life,

If it has less of Joy, has less of Grief.  
But when thou ripen'st to the Bloom of Man,  
Write it on Foes in Characters of Blood,

And shew th' admiring World whose Son thou art. 370  
Till then be nurtur'd in an easie Life,  
Sport out thy Youth, and be thy Mother's Joy.

None of the Gracians I'm assur'd will dare  
To injure, or affront thee, when I'm gone;  
For I will leave thee Teucer for thy Guard, 375  
Who shall protect thee from insulting Wrongs,  
And feed thee with a Father's Tenderness,  
Tho' now far off in Quest of Thracian Foes.  
And now, my Soldiers to the Seas inur'd,

The

The Charge I give in common to you all, 380  
 Report to *Teucer* this my last Command,  
 That he convey my Son to *Salamis*,  
 To *Telamon*, and to my Mother's Arms,  
 To give 'em Joy in their declining Years,  
 Till they descend to the infernal Shades. 385  
 Let no Contention for my Arms be rais'd ;  
 But let 'em be preserv'd, safe from the Power  
 Of *Gracian* Judges, and the curs'd *Ulysses*.  
 Take thou, my Son, this broad-extended Shield,  
 It bears thy Name, like thee 'tis *Euryaces*, 390  
 And by the implicated Handle hold  
 This seven-fold, invulnerable Guard :  
 My other Arms shall all be bury'd with me.  
 But quick, take hence the Boy, convey him in,  
 Be gone, nor fill my Tent with wailing Tears ; 395  
 Tears are thy Province, Woman ; bear 'em hence.  
 Hasten, be gone— the wise Physician's Part .  
 Is not to charm with Words, but cut the Wound.  
*Chor.* Oh ! how I tremble at thy dire Resolve ?  
 And thy keen Tongue shoots Diggers to my Soul. 400  
*Tech.* O *Ajax* ! My Lord ! What does thy Heart  
 resolve ?  
*Aja.* Inquire no farther ; Modesty's a Virtue.  
*Tech.* Oh ! I despair ! O by your Son ! the Gods !  
 I beg upon my Knees betray us not.  
*Aja.* It is too much, this Grief ; and for the Gods,  
 Thus injur'd as I am, I owe 'em nothing. 405  
*Tech.* Talk not so rashly.  
*Aja.* Speak to those will hear you.

*Tech.* Will you not hear me then? —

*Aja.* I've heard too much.

*Tech.* O! my Dread Lord, I fear. —

*Aja.* Slaves, shut her in.

*Tech.* Be gentler by the Gods —

*Aja.* Away fond Woman!

Still wo't thou persevere in vain advising!



## A C T II. S C E N E IV.

CHORUS.

L.

Chorus. O happy Sea, encompass'd Isle,  
O Salamis, illustrious Land,  
In thee the fruitful Seasons smile,  
And round the wond'ring Waters stand.

II.

I unregarded, and alone,  
Consum'd with Labour, and with Time,  
In Asia's Fields thy Absence moan,  
As sad, uncomfortable Clime.

III.

Now all my hope is while I mourn,  
To be dismiss'd to those dark Plains,  
Where unrelenting Pluto reigns,  
Nor to my Country to return.

IV. For

IV.

*For Ajax with Distraction vext  
A new and double Load I share,  
With multiplying Griefs perplext,  
My own, and all his Pains I bear.*

V.

*The mighty Ajax bravely Great,  
Of furious War the shining Chief,  
The Bulwark of the Græcan State,  
Now languishes beyond Relief.*

VI.

*He feels ungrateful Recompence  
For greatest Valour, greatest Toils,  
The Gods deprive him of his Sense,  
Th' unfriendly Græcians of his Spoils.*

VII.

*His mournful Mother aged grown,  
And white with many rowling Years,  
Shall bear of her disemper'd Son,  
And weep him in uncommon Tears.*

VIII.

*Not such as mournful Philomele  
Warbles when in a Shade of Leaves,  
She Sings her melancholy Tale,  
Then most harmonious when she grieves.*

## IX.

*But bursting into loud Laments,  
She'll tear, with frantick Grief possess'd,  
Her Silver Hair in dire Complaints,  
And beat with sounding Blows her Breast.*

## X.

*'Tis better for him once to die,  
Tho' greatest of the Hero's strain,  
Than in delirious Torture lie,  
And dead to ev'ry thing, but Pain.*

## XI.

*O wretched Father of a wretched Son !  
How wilt thou bear to bear the piteous Case,  
What Ajax suffer'd, after what he'd done,  
The most unhappy of thy mighty Race.*



ACT



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

A J A X, T E C H M E S S A, C H O R U S.

## A J A X.

LL things a long unmeasur'd Tract  
of Time  
A Discovers, or conceals, invincible,  
Whose Triumphs linger, but are always  
sure.

The strongest Oaths dissolve, obdurate Hearts  
Soften at last, and are subdu'd by Time.

I, who was stiff as Iron double-steel'd,  
Am soften'd by this Woman into pity.  
I pity her, and cannot leave her thus,  
Herself a Widow, and my Son an Orphan.

To cruel Enemies. And now I go  
Into the Sea adjacent Meadows, there  
In the pure Stream to wash of these Pollutions,  
And 'scape the heavy Anger of the Goddess.

When I have found an unfrequented Place,  
I'll hide this Sword, this hated Instrument,  
Deep in the Earth, where Night and her dread King  
Shall guard it from the View of mortal Eye.  
For ever since I took the pointed Gift

10

15

From *Hector's* Hands, my worst of Enemies,  
I've been unhappy, and the *Gracian* Chiefs  
Have look'd upon me with invidious Eyes :  
This speaks the celebrated Proverb true,  
*The Gifts of Enemies are fatal Gifts.*

Hereafter I shall bow my stubborn Will  
To Heav'n, and learn to Honour the *Atride* ;  
They are our Rulers, and we shou'd submit.  
For thus the strongest Things in Nature yield,  
And pay Submission to superior Pow'r.

The frory Winter, still, as Order bids,  
Retreats to let the fruitful Summer come ;  
And the dark Circle of the gloomy Night

Yields to the milk-white Steeds who bring the Day;  
A gentle Breeze succeeds the warring Winds,  
And calms the ruffl'd deep ; nor does soft sleep  
For ever bind us in his silken Chains.

Why therefore learn we not from hence Submission ;  
For me I long have known to use my Foes

As those who may be Friends one Day ; my Friends  
As those, that may not always be so. Thus

Caution is useful : Friendship is a Port,  
Which oft betrays, and flatters us to Ruin.

And thus shall all be well ; --- but you, *Techmessa*,  
Go in, and with unintermitting Pray'r  
Implore the Gods to grant what I desire.

## A C T III. SCENE II.

AJAX, CHORUS.

Aja. And you, my Friends, assist the pious Work 45  
 If Teucer comes whilst I am gone, remember,  
 Bid him take Care of us and you: I go  
 Where I design'd, remember what I said,  
 And when you see me next, perhaps, you'll see  
 Ajax in happier Circumstance than now. 50

## A C T III. SCENE III.

CHORUS.

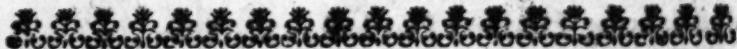
Chor. O! I'm all Rapture, exstacy'd with Joy,  
 And dancing Pleasures Play before my Eye:

O Pan! the God of rural Sport and Song,  
 Lead thou the jovial Pomp along,  
 With all thy Nymphs, and Satyrs here, 55  
 From cold Cyllene's Top appear,  
 Advance, advance,  
 My eager Feet prelude the coming Dance.

Thou, King Apollo, Delian born,  
 Our glad Solemnity adorn, 60

O'er the Icarian Sea, with heavenly Wing,  
 Come, and assist us, as we sing,  
 God of Light, propitious Shine,  
 Invigorate our Mirth, and look benign.  
 For the black Cloud, that lowr'd before our Sight, 65  
 Is vanish'd, separated quite ;  
 And now again,  
 We see the Skies unclouded and serene.

For mighty Ajax now forgets  
 His Sorrows and his Threats. 70  
 No longer the outrageous Hero storms ;  
 But to the Gods religious Rites performs.  
 All things must submit to Time ;  
 The baughtiest Soul, the blackest Crime.  
 Time has the stiffest Heroes bent,  
 And made even Ajax to relent ; 75  
 In Ajax time Almighty proves,  
 The injur'd Ajax the Atridae loves.



## A C T III. S C E N E IV.

## A MESSENGER, CHORUS.

Messen. Friends, Salaminians, I am sent to tell you,  
 That Teucer's just arriv'd from Myssia's Heights. 80  
 But passing to the Middle of the Camp,  
 The Greeks to intercept his Passage bent,  
 With one loud Voice revil'd him ; and around

Close

Cloſe hemm'd him in ; and with opprobrious Words  
Curſt him on every ſide, ſtill calling him 85,

The Brother of the Madman, and the Traitor:

That impotent t'oppoſe the Soldier's Rage,

He ſcarce eſcap'd the being ſlon'd to Death.

So high the Tempeſt blew, that pointed Spears,

And naked Swords from ev'ry Quarter ſhon. 90.

At length the fierce Contention high improv'd,

Was by our Reverend Sages Care compos'd.

But where is *Ajax* ? I wou'd tell him this ;

For nothing from our Masters ſhou'd be hid.

*Chor.* *Ajax* is now gone foſth on new Designs, 95,

Such as agree with his new temper'd Soul.

*Meff.* Alas ! alas ! *Teucer*, my Lord, has been

Too ſlow to ſend, or I too ſlow to come.

*Chor.* What haſt thou loſt by coming here ſo late ?

*Meff.* *Ajax* : For *Teucer* charg'd he ſhou'd be kept 100,

Within his Tent, 'till he himſelf cou'd come.

*Chor.* But on a happy Errand is he gone,

And in the happiest State of Mind, to be.

Wash'd from his Blood, and reconcil'd to Heav'n.

*Meff.* Oh ! Words illboding and unfit ! if rightly, 105,

Deep thinking *Calchas* reads the Book of Fate.

*Chor.* What know'ſt thou further of this Matter ?

Speak.

*Meff.* Thus much I know ; I happen'd to be there,

When from the Place, where all the *Gracian* Chiefs

Sat round debating, *Calchas* ſtept aside.

Alone, eſcaping the *Atrida*'s Sight,

And friendly plac'd his Hand in *Teucer*'s Hand.

And charg'd him, to confine by some kind Art,  
 And force unwilling *Ajax* to be safe,  
 Only this one, this present, passing Day, 115  
 If he e'er wish'd to see him living more.  
 For thro' the Course of this revolving Day,  
 The Wrath of dread *Minerva* shall pursue him.  
 For mighty Bodies, and excessive Strength,  
 (Said the wise Prophet) by the angry Gods 120  
 Are tumbl'd down, great only then in Ruins ;  
 When the proud Owner sprung from human Race,  
 With bold Presumption dares to make a God.  
 Thus *Ajax* (well his Father call'd him Mad)  
 When e'er he parted from his Native Land, 125  
 His prudent Sire thus warn'd him,--- Always conquer;  
 But always conquer with the Gods, my Son.  
 He insolent, and vainly strait reply'd,  
 With helping Gods a Coward may be brave ;  
 But *Ajax* shall without the Gods prevail, 130  
 And snatch the Glories which he ought to have.  
 Thus boasted he big sounding : Nay, yet more,  
 Divine *Minerva*, horrid, he blasphem'd,  
 When she exhorted him to glorious Arms,  
 To turn his bloody Sword upon the Foe ; 135  
 “ By other Greeks, assisting Goddess stand,  
 “ Who want thee ; *Ajax* is enough alone,  
 “ The Battle cannot fail, where *Ajax* is.  
 Thus by presuming Thoughts, and daring Words,  
 He gain'd th' Anger of th' indignant Goddess. 140  
 If he out lives this Day, long he may live ;  
 The Gods will suffer that he may be sav'd.

Thus

Thus much the Prophet spoke ; and *Teucer* strait  
 Dispatch'd me hither with his strict Command  
 To you, that you shou'd guard his Brother close. 145  
 But, if he is already gone, I fear !  
 Or *Calchas* is not wise, or *Ajax* is no more.

*Chor.* Come forth *Techmessa* ! thou unhappy Beauty !  
 Come thou fair Captive ; hear this dreadful Tale,  
 That wounds our Hearts, and makes our Joys to  
 wither. 150

## A C T III. SCENE V.

*Techmessa, with her Child in her Arms,*

*Chorus, Messenger.*

*Tech.* To what new Sorrows am I summon'd forth ?  
 Alas ! what wou'dst thou say ! are we undone ? 140

*Chor.* Behold this Man : This Messenger reports  
 The fatal Act of *Ajax*, which I mourn.

*Tech.* Ah ! speak it in a Word, then am I ruin'd ? 155.

*Mess.* For you, I knew not what your Fate allots :  
 But *Ajax*, if abroad, — I fear for him.

*Tech.* He is abroad, and, that he is, I mourn ;  
 But tell me, what wou'dst thou infer from thence ?

*Mess.* *Teucer* commands he shou'd not be alone ; 160  
 But close confin'd, nor suffer'd to go out.

*Tech.*

*Tecb.* But where is Teucer? why are these Commands?

*Mess.* He's just arriv'd, and for his Brother fears  
If he goes out, it may be fatal to him.

*Tecb.* Wretch that I am! but say who told him  
this?

*Mess.* The Heav'n-instructed Prophet; who declares  
This Day determines him to Life or Death.

*Tecb.* Now help me Friends, now succour my  
Distress.

Some of you go, and hasten Teucer hither;  
Some search the *Eastern* Top of yonder Hills; 170  
And some the *West*, for my unhappy Lord:  
For now too late I find he has deceiv'd me.  
Too credulous of good, and cast me from him,  
What must I do, my Child? I must not sit,  
I too must go with all the Strength I have, 175  
'Tis not a time for Ease: — But go, but fly  
To save the Man, who will not save himself.

*Chor.* My Feet, and not my Mouth shall shew my  
speed.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

AJAX.

AJAX.

THE murtering Sword stands firm, the  
T glitt'ring Point  
With best Advantage aim'd against my  
Heart,  
The Gift of *Hector*, whom my Soul abhor'd,  
The most offensive to my Eyes of Men.  
The hostile Ground supports the hostile Sword,  
New pointed on the Iron-edging Stone.  
I've fixt thee well, and soon thy friendly Aid,  
Shall free this wretched Man from Pain, and end  
His Cares i'nt Death: Now all is as it shou'd be.  
And now, O *Jupiter*, aid when I call,  
Thou first invok'd, first condescend to hear,  
Nor is the Favour mighty which I ask:  
When I am fall'n upon my reeking Sword,  
Send hither some kind Messenger who may  
To *Teucer* first th' unhappy Story bear,  
That he may take me hence before I'm seen  
By cruel Foes, insulted and expos'd,  
Or lie for Dogs, and hungry Birds a Prey.

On

On *Jove* for this : On *Mercury* I call,  
To waft my Spirit thro' the gaping Wound  
With quick, with easy, unlaborious Flight,  
And gently bring the Sleep of Death upon me.

You I invoke, assisting Furies, next,  
Ye venerable, nimble-footed Maids, T S A  
You who behold the Misery of Man ;  
See how th' Injustice of the Sons of *Atreus*  
Force me to fly from Shame to welcome Death.  
Let complicated Mischiefs tear them hence ;  
And, as they see me now self-murther'd fall,  
So may they perish by their dearest Friends.

Q<sup>u</sup>el<sup>y</sup>e swift-executing Furies, come,  
Destroy, confound the Leaders, and their Troops,  
In hideous Ruin overwhelm them all.  
And thou, O Sun, fair Charioteer of Light,  
When passing thou behold'st my Native Land,  
Stand still a while, and hold the fiery Reins,  
Relate my Injuries, Affronts, and Death,  
To my old Sire, and her who gave me Birth :  
She wretched Woman ! when she hears the Tale,  
Shall fill the City with her loud Laments. O 40  
But feeble Griefs enervate Manly Strength,  
And spend the time : I must begin my Task.  
O Death, approach; come near thou meagre Shade,  
Behold, I come to dwell with thee for ever.  
Thou Ray fair-shining, of unclouded Day,  
And thou, Light-wheeling Sun, to thee I speak ;  
To thee who never am to speak again.  
Farewel, O Light ! Farewel, O Sacred Soil !

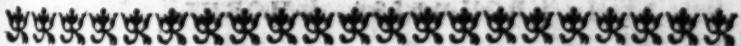
Of Native Salamis, my Father's Seat :  
 Illustrious *Athens* ! O Companions, Friends,  
 Ye Fountains, Rivers, *Trojan* Plains, adieu.  
 Farewel ye nursing Parents of my Youth,  
 The last farewell that *Ajax* has to make ;  
 The rest he'll murmur to the Shades below.



## A C T IV. S C E N E II.

*First SEMICORUS.*

*Sem.* O Labour ! Labour ! ever springing Toil, 55  
 What Place is left unvisited ? What Place  
 Is not a Witness to my weary Steps ?  
 But hark ! methinks I hear the Noise of Feet.



## A C T IV. S C E N E III.

*First SEMICORUS. Second SEMICORUS.*

1. *Sem.* O ! Ship-Companions we are met again.
2. *Sem.* What News ? 60
1. *Sem.* We've search'd the Western Quarter thro'.
2. *Sem.* What have you found ?
1. *Sem.* Much Labour, nothing else.
2. *Sem.* I too have search'd thro' all the Eastern side ;  
 But am as far from finding, as before, 65

*Chor.*

*Chor.* Who of the Fishermen, who on the Main,  
 Laborious, nightly Draughts expect,  
 Will now my wand'ring Steps direct?  
 What Goddess of th' Olympian Train,  
 What pittyng Nymph that dwells  
 In *Thracian Bosphorus's* watry Cells,  
 Will guide me searching long in vain  
 To find at last the cruel-hearted Man?  
 'Tis pain to seek with erring Feet,  
 And always miss of what we seek,  
 Always Disappointments meet,  
 With tedious, fruitles Labours weak!



## ACT IV. SCENE IV.

TECHMESSA, CHORUS.

*Tech.* Oh! Oh!*Chor.* What Voice came mournful from the Wood?*Tech.* Oh! Wretched!*Chor.* 'Tis the haples captive Nymph  
*Techmessa*, whom I see dissolv'd in Tears.*Tech.* I'm ruin'd, lost, undone for ever, Friends!*Chor.* What is it?*Tech.* Here the bleeding *Ajax* lies  
 Fresh-slain, the fatal Sword hid in his Breast.*Chor.* Oh! How shall I return to *Salamis*?  
 Thou'lt kill'd me with thy Death unhappy Prince,

The

## A J AX.

The kind Companion of thy Ships and Arms,  
O wretched Man ! O miserable Woman !

90

*Tech.* Now weep, now mourn, now give a loose to  
Sorrow.

*Chor.* But what dire Hand perform'd the horrid *Act*?

*Tech.* His own against himself, th' erected Sword  
Fix'd in the Earth proclaims the Criminal.

*Chor.* O my Misfortune ! Thou disconsolate, 95  
And solitary didst the bloody Deed,  
Careless, unguarded by thy absent Friends.  
I all the while deluded, ignorant,  
Neglected to preserve thee ! shew me where  
The obstinate ill-fated *Ajax* lies.

100

*Tech.* The horrid Sight ! It is not to be born.  
But let this Garment hide him. Oh ! what Eye  
That lov'd him ever can behold him now !  
Can View his nostrils breathing putrid Gore,  
And the wide Wound his own dire Hand has made. 105  
What shall I do ? What Friend shall bear thee hence,  
Where's *Teucer* ? O ! That *Teucer* wou'd but come,  
He cou'd dispose his murder'd Brother best.  
O *Ajax* ! How unlike to what thou wast !  
Thy Sight wou'd melt thine Enemies to Tears.

110

*Chor.* Thou wou'dst not then submit to Fate,  
Inflexible beyond Relief,  
Resolv'd at last to end thy Greif.  
Sharp was thy Grief, thy Labours great :  
These still thou did'st recount each Night,  
Of these complain with the returning Light,  
Such Insults the *Atrida* made.

115

Sc

So ill thy mighty Arms repaid,  
Strong was thy Grief, immortal was thy hate.  
Th' unhappy Source of all thy Toils  
Was, when the illustrious Spoils  
The Gracian Chiefs adjug'd in purpl'd State.

*Tech.* Oh! Oh!

*Chor.* The generous Greif devides thy Soul.

*Tech.* Oh! Oh!

*Chor.* Thy Sighs are real, and unfeign'd,  
Well may'st thou mourn, depriv'd of such a Friend.

*Tech.* You only think it; but I feel it so.

*Chor.* I do believe it.

*Tech.* O! My Son, whose Slaves  
Must we be now? In whose dread Presence stand?

*Chor.* O Thought intolerable, which your Grief  
Has imag'd to your Soul! Oh barbarous Purpose  
Of the inhuman, merciless *Atridae*!  
But may the Gods avert it.

*Tech.* If the Gods  
Had thought of us, we had not suffer'd so.

*Chor.* Too heavy is the Load they lay upon us.

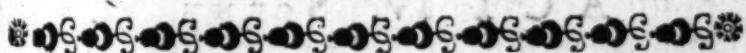
*Tech.* The Daughter of Great *Jove* avenging *Pallas*,  
Inflicts these Ills to gratify *Ulysses*.

*Chor.* And now he sits, insulting wretched *Ajax*;  
He triumphs o'er his gloomy blindfold Rage;  
And laughs aloud at his distracted Foe:  
And Oh! With him the two commanding Chiefs  
Hear the black Tale, and propagate the Jest.  
Let 'em rejoice like Fools who had a Treasure;  
But never knew its Value 'till 'twas lost.

A Day shall come, when by the War distress'd,  
 Vainly they shall lament the Man they scorn'd,  
 And feel the Loss of my victorious Lord: 150  
 His Death, to me, more sharp than sweet to them,  
 Was pleasing to himself: For what he wish'd,  
 He had; the Death he chose, he gave himself.  
 How can they laugh at him, they have not con-  
 quer'd?

He dy'd a Victim to the Gods, not them. 155

Chor. Now let *Ulysses* vain Reproaches make,  
 Now *Ajax* is beyond the Power of Wrongs;  
 He's gone, and left his Sorrows to his Friends.



## A C T IV. S C E N E V.

TEUCER, CHORUS, TECHMESSA.

Teu. O wretched Man!

Chor. Be still, 'tis *Teucer's* Voice, 160  
 Sounding a mournful Prelude to his Grief.

Teu. O dearest *Ajax*! O my tendrest Brother!  
 Oh! Art thou fall'n? And is the Story true?

Chor. Oh *Teucer*! Valiant *Ajax* is no more!

Teu. Oh! My hard Fate! 165

Chor. Such is our sad Condition—

Teu. O wretched, wretched *Teucer*!

Chor. Now Sorrow will have Way.

Teu. O overwhelming Greif!

Chor. Indulge it not too much—

170

Teu.

*Teu.* I cannot Oh !  
Where is his helpless Infant ? Where's his Child ?

*Chor.* Within his Fathers Tent alone. —

*Teu.* O ! run, [ to Teckmeffa.

Convey him hither, least an Enemy 175  
Should snatch him from us, like a youngling  
Unguarded by the absent Lioness.  
O ! Hasten here the Boy, for Barbarous Man  
Loves to insult the Dead, and sport with Misery.



## A C T IV. S C E N E VI.

CHORUS, TEUCER.

*Chor.* Thus Ajax order'd, Teucer, e'er he dy'd, 180  
And, thus unknowing you obey his Will.

*Teu.* O cruel Spectacle ! Afflicting Sight !  
The worst that e'er my Eyes have seen ; O Way,  
Of all I've trod, the most uncomfortable !

Pain to my Feet, more painful to my Soul ! 185

Inquest of thee, O nearest to my Heart !

To search thy Body, when I'd heard thy Fate.

A loud Report posses'd the Gracian Camp,

As if from Heaven it came, that thou wert dead :

I heard uneasy, and to seek thee came,

I heard, and groan'd, but now I see, I die.

Uncover him, that I may see him all,

And view my Sorrow in it's full extent.

[They uncover him.

Q hor.

O horrid Sight ! Effect of bitter Rage !  
Thy Death has sow'n a Feild of Mischiefs for me, 195  
Where shall I go, where hide me unreproach'd :  
Who in thy Sorrows ne'er assisted thee ?  
Will *Telamon* the Father of us both,  
Receive me kindly with a tender Eye  
Sweet-smiling, when I come, of thee forlorn ? 200  
Will he ? whose Brow was still severely bent  
And rarely smil'd upon my better Fortunes ?  
Will he be calm ? O what will he not say ?  
He'll call me Bastard, Offspring of a Slave,  
Who or by Fear, or Cowardice, or Fraud, 205  
Into thy Death betray'd thee, that I might  
Possess thy Empire and thy Father's House.  
This is the greeting *Teucer* must expect,  
These Words his Anger and his Age shall dictate ;  
At last I shall be banish'd from my Country, 210  
Be scorn'd, despis'd, and treated like a Slave  
This is my Fate at Home : And here at *Troy*  
Few are my Friends, but numberless my Foes.  
These are the Legacies thy Death has left me  
What shall I do ? O ! Wretched *Ajax*, how, 215  
How shall I take thee from the murthering Sword,  
Upon whose fatal Point thy Soul expir'd ?  
*Hector* did then involve thee in his Death,  
His Present did, what *Hector* could not do.  
Behold the Fortunes of two mighty Men. 220  
For *Hector* by the Belt which *Ajax* gave,  
Ty'd to the Chariot of the Conquerour,  
Was dragg'd round *Troy* to miserable Death.

And

And *Ajax* fell, and perish'd on the Sword,  
 Which he receiv'd from *Hector*; deadly Gift ! 225  
 Did not the Furies forge the fatal Sword?  
 And *Pluto's* Workmanship devise the Belt?  
 Thus surely all th' Events of human Life  
 The Gods are Authors of, and bring on Men;  
 They fash'on all our Woes. So says my Reason ; 230  
 Let those who like it not, jndge for themselves.

*Chor.* Let not thy Words consume the Time, but  
 think

How thou wilt bury this unhappy Man.

Prepare thee too for Answer; yonder see  
 The Foe Approaches to insult our Griefs. 235

*Teu.* Which is it of the *Gracian* Cheifs, you see?

*Chor.* 'Tis *Menelaus*, Author of the War.

*Teu.* I see him, he's too near to be mistaken.



## A C T IV. S C E N E. VII.

M E N E L A U S, T E U C E R, C H O R U S.

*Mene.* You I command, convey not hence that  
 Body,

But let it lie neglected, as it does. 240

*Teu.* And wherefore dost thou give this hard Com-  
 mand?

*Men.* such is my Will, such his who rules the Army

*Teu.* Hast thou no other Reason, than this Will?

*Men*

Men. I have. We hop'd, that we had brought  
from home 245  
In Ajax an Allie and Friend to Greece,  
But we have found him more a Foe:  
At dead of Night he stole upon the Army,  
With murderous Intent, and had not Heaven  
In happy Hour his Purpose turn'd aside, 250  
Low had we lain, as now we see him lie,  
And he'd surviv'd triumphant: But the Goddes  
Miled his Frenzy to the Flocks and Herds.  
Therefore, let none so hardy be, to give him  
The Rights of Sepulchre, but let his Carcase 255  
Rot on these Yellow Sands, and feed the Fowl,  
Which haunt the Beach, or swim the Liquid Deep.  
Nay frown not *Teucer*, nor grow high in Rage;  
Tho', when alive, we cou'd not conquer him,  
He's dead, and we are Masters, and in Spite of thee; 260  
In Strength Superior now: Alive he was  
Untameable by Reason or by Force.  
'Tis a bad Principle for common Men  
To disregard the Voice of their Superiors.  
Cities their Order lose, and Laws their Force 265  
Where none bear Reverence to those who rule.  
In Armies tumult, rise where due Respect  
And Duty to the Chiefs is laid aside.  
Let him who glories in his Bulk and Strength,  
Consider weakest Ills may work his Ruin, 270  
Where Fear, and Modesty together dwell,  
Safety and Happiness are sure to be:  
But the unruly City, which permits

Injurious

Injurious Insolence, and Lawless Pride,  
Tho towering high, and mixing with the Clouds, 275  
Must plunge at last into a ruin'd Heap.

Let timely Fear prevent our doing Wrong :  
Nor let us think, when we have done our Pleasure,  
And let our Wills run loose, no Suffering waits us.

Offence and Punishment succeed by turns. 280  
Once this Man rag'd without or Law, or Reason,  
Now I will shew my Pow'r : I charge you not

To bury him, least your officious Care  
Should make the Tomb, design'd for him, your own.

*Chor.* O Menelaus, do not fully all, 285  
That you have spoke, by injuring the Dead.

*Teu.* No Wonder, If the Low-born Rabble rail,  
When Princes can forget the Rev'rence due  
To their high Birth, and rail at this vile Rate.

But speak again, say, did my Brother come 290  
At your Command, Companion of this War ?

Did he not come, the Master of himself ?  
Who gave you Power over him ? Or who

Commission'd you to give his Subjects Laws ?  
Of Sparta art thou King, and not of Salamis. 295

Nor hast thou Right more ample to prescribe  
The Law to him, than he to give it thee.

Your self came Subject to another's Rule,  
Not Leader of the Army, or of Ajax.

Command your Slaves, fright them with your big  
Words, 300

They

They move not me, and know, in spight of thee,  
Or any other Cheif whoe'er he be,  
I mean to lay my Brother in his Tomb.  
He came not here with mercenary Arms  
To serve thy Cause, or to redeem thy Wife, 305  
Trifles unworthy of so great a Man :

But for his Oath, not thee, he hither came.  
Go, and return with a long Train of Officers,  
The Heralds of the Army, bring 'em all,  
Nay bring thy Brother, I will keep my Purpose 310  
Unmov'd, tho' thou wert ten Times *Menelaus*.

*Men.* Thy Words suit ill with thy unhappy State.

*Teu.* Hard Truths, tho' ne'er so just, displease the  
Hearer.

*Men.* The Archer looks, and talks most wond'rous  
big.

*Teu.* I own the Noble Art and Glory in it. 315

*Men.* How wou'd you swell, if you cou'd bear a  
Shield ?

*Teu.* Naked I'd meet with *Menelaus* arm'd.

*Men.* Thy Tongue proclaims thy Soul elate with  
Pride.

*Teu.* The Justice of it makes that Pride a Praise.

*Men.* What ? Is it just my Murtherer shou'd  
prosper ? 320

*Teu.* Your Murtherer ? At once alive and dead ?

*Men.* He wou'd have done it ; but the Gods pre-  
serv'd me.

*Teu.* Dishonour not those Gods, by whom you're  
fav'd.

*Men.* I honour them; Do I oppose their Laws?

*Teu.* Yes, if you rob the Dead of Burial Rites. 335

*Men.* Only my Enemies, and that's but just. as usual

*Teu.* Was *Ajax* ever then your Enemy? so it is not

*Men.* The Hate was mutual, and you know it well.

*Teu.* You privily corrupted Votes against him.

*Men.* Not I, the Judges gave away his Arms. 340

*Teu.* Your Mischiefs lurk, your Mines work under Ground.

*Men.* There is a Man shall pay these Words in Sorrow.

*Teu.* The Man you mean shall never grieve alone.

*Men.* Once more I say this Man must not be bury'd.

*Teu.* I say again, that I will bury him. A. 345

*Men.* Thus have I seen a Coward brave in Words, Loud as the Winds, encouraging to sail

Amidst a Storm; but when far off from Land The Winds blew high, and watry Mountains rose,

That valiant Talker then was heard no more, 350  
Speechless he lay, each common Sailor's Scorn,

And in his Garment wrap'd his trembling Head.  
Thus shou'd a whistling Tempest break upon thee, Thou and thy Boasts wou'd be together silent.

*Teu.* I too have seen a Man, a senseless one, 355  
Insulting madly o'er his Neighbour's Ills:

While one like me beholding him reply'd,  
Beware vain Man, and injure not the Dead;

For know, that thou shalt rue the rash Impiety: 360  
Thus he advis'd the weak unwitting Wretch.

And

And now I see him; hah ! I'm much deceiv'd,  
Or thou art he ; Do I not now speak plain ?  
I leave thee ; 'tis unworthy thus to wrangle,  
When better I can right my self by Force.

## A C T IV. SCENE VIII.

TEUCER. CHORUS.

*Teu.* Be gone ; to me it seems unworthy too, 365  
To waste my Time in listning to a Babler.

*Chor.* Wrath and Contention will I fearensue.  
But, *Teucer*, hast prepare the hollow Earth,  
And lay thy Brother in his darksome Grave,  
His Grave, that shall be sacred to Posterity. 370



## A C T IV. SCENE IX.

TEUCER. CHORUS. TECHMESSA with EURYDICE.

*Teu.* Now opportune his Wife and Son are come  
To guard and cover the unhappy Corps.  
Come near thou little one, and place thee by him,  
Reach out thy Infant Hand, and touch thy Sire,  
And while we kneel together suppliant thus, 375  
Take thou my Hair, thy Mother's, and thy own,  
Hold the devoted Treasure ; and if any one,

Shall tear thee from thy bleeding Father's Side,  
May the rude Villain lie himself unbury'd.  
He, and his Race be rooted from the Earth, 380  
Ev'n as this Lock of Hair is shorn away.  
O! keep him, Child, let none disturb thy Youth,  
With bended Knees, instead of Arms, defend him.  
And you, my Friends, remember you are Men,  
Stand boldly near, assist him, 'till I come 385  
And lay him in his Tomb whoe'er forbids.



## A C T . I V . S C E N E X .

## C H O R U S .

Chor. When will the finish'd Term appear  
Of heavy rowling Years?  
Ah! when will my incessant Fears,  
The Toils and Labours of the War 390  
About the Trojan Ramparts cease  
Round Troy, yet standing to dishonour Greece?

2.

He should have vanish'd into Air,  
Or sunk into all-devouring Night, 395  
Who first did cruel Arms prepare,  
And taught the Gracians how to fight.

He

He taught Mankind to ravage, and to spoil,  
And thinn'd the World by his unhappy Toil.

He rob'd me of my softest Hours,  
The Joys of Love, and Wine, and Sleep,  
The flagrant Crowns of plaited Flow'rs,  
And Cups deliciously deep,  
The warbling Flutes, the echoing Grove,  
And all the Joys which Night bestows on Love. 425

4.

But now I lie o'erwhelm'd with Cares,  
The Night-dews dropping on my Head,  
The Air my Mantle, and the Earth my Bed,  
Such is the Fate attends our Trojan Wars. 410

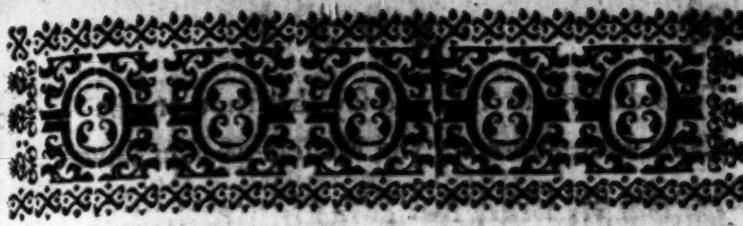
5.

Once the impenetrable Shield  
Of Ajax was my great Defence  
Against the Terrors of the Field;  
But gloomy Fate has torn him hence.  
O ! Never-ceasing Cause to mourn !  
O ! When will my Delight return !

Ob that my weary Feet at last  
 Were on the Attick Borders plac'd,  
 Where high above the Sunian Lands,  
 The woody Promontory stands,  
 Repelling the loud dashing Sea ;  
 Thither let me return, there end my Toil,  
 And once again salute my sacred native Soil.



ACT



## A C T V. S C E N E I.

TEUCER. CHORUS. TECHMESSA and EURYSACES.

*The Two Last sitting by the Body of A JAX.*

E U. I hasted hither, as I ken'd from  
T far The General, Agamemnon, fierce advan-  
The General, Agamemnon, fierce advan-  
cing,

I read harsh Treatment in his angry Looks.

## A C T V. S C E N E II.

AGAMEMNON. TEUCER. CHORUS. TECHMESSA  
and EURYSACES.

Aga. 'Tis said, Thou hast been lavish of thy Speech;  
That thou hast dar'd to lift thy Tongue against us.  
Hast thou? Thou abject Off-spring of a Captive  
What had'st thou done, if sprung from generous Blood?  
How had'st thou towr'd aloft, and trod in Air,  
Who for a Carcass, little as thou art,

Thus

Thus did I contend, and say that thou and he  
Came more Supreme, the Masters of your selves  
We did not rule the Greeks, or him, or thee  
Gods! Can I bear this Language from a Slave?  
And for what mighty Man is all this Pride?  
Where did he go, that *Agamemnon* did not?  
Or has unhappy *Greece* no Men but him?  
The Arms of great *Achilles* well were judg'd  
And well disputed by contending Chiefs,  
If *Teucer* can pronounce we all are Cowards.  
You cannot yet submit to a Defeat,  
Nor yield to what the number'd Votes adjug'd,  
You, that survive, still manage the Dispute  
With secret Treasons, or with publick Rage.  
If such corrupted Manners once prevail,  
If we must set the worthiest Men aside,  
And lift the less deserving to their Place,  
No Law can be preserv'd, and nothing judg'd.  
This asks a swift Redress; for Safety dwells not  
In broad-spread Shoulders, and a Gyant Size;  
But Wisdom gets the Victory of Strength.  
The huge unwieldy Ox obeys the Goad,  
Treads in the Tract and leads the Plow aright.  
Thus, like the Ox, must *Teucer* too be taught,  
Or shew his better Sense; who for a Shade,  
Something that was, and is not, madly insolent,  
Threatens in mighty Words, and babbles loud.  
Learn who thou art, and from that Knowledge learn  
Humility: Bring here a Freeman, who

May speak thy Words, and represent thy Sense.  
Begone, I am not us'd to talk with Slaves,  
I understand not a *Barbarian's* Language.

*Chor.* Forbear this Rage, ye Princes, reason calmly,  
'Tis a fair Virtue, and wou'd grace you both.

*Tes.* How soon ungrateful Man forgets a Benefit!  
Soon as the dying Hero falls to Earth, 45  
The Good dies with him, and is lost in Death.  
Thy noblest Labours are no more remembred;  
Thou art forgot by him, O *Ajax*! Him,  
Whom thou hast oft defended with thy Life.  
But this is now as tho' it ne'er had been. 50  
O! thou, who in unprofitable Words  
Hast given a Loose to thy licentious Tongue;  
Hast thou forgot the Time, that glorious Day,  
When all environ'd with a Host of Foes,  
Unable to oppose the rushing Torrent, 55  
Ye fainted succourless?— Then *Ajax* came,  
And drove alone the furious Battle back.  
When the devouring Flames, a fiery War!  
Rain'd on the Ships, and run along the Planks,  
And *Hector* leapt the unavailing Mound, 60  
And pour'd fresh Troops, impetuous as the Flames;  
Who rescu'd you? O! Did not *Ajax* do it?  
Do you not owe your Ships, your Fame, your Lives,  
To *Ajax*, now the Object of your Scorn?  
And when again he undertook to fight 65

With

With *Hector* single, willing, uncompl'd,  
 He threw not in a Piece of moisten'd Clay,  
 Deceitful Lot, but polish'd, smooth, and such,  
 As leapt the easiest from the crested Helmet.  
 Thus *Ajax* did, and I was with him then;  
 This Slave, this Son of a *Barbarian* Mother!  
 How dar'st thou then reproach me? Cast thy Eyes  
 Back on thy own curst Race: Hast thou forgot  
 Thy Father's Father, barbarous *Pelops* was?  
 A *Pbrygian* born? And that thy impious Sire  
 Feasted his Brother with his murther'd Sons?  
 Think on thy *Cretan* Mother, whom thy Father  
 Found in a Slave's adulterous Arms, and gave her  
 To the foul Monsters of the Deep a Prey.  
 And dost thou Tax my Birth? Dost thou upbraid me?  
 Me, who am Son of mighty *Telamon*!  
 Who at his Army's Head atcheiv'd my Mother,  
 A Prince's born, the Daughter of *Laomedon*;  
 A Royal Virgin to his Bed he took her  
 The Prize of War, and Great *Alcides* Gift.  
 Thus doubly noble, shall I stain my Birth,  
 Dishonour my great Kindred, blot my Brother,  
 My Brother! That lies bleeding here before me,  
 To whom thy impious Rage denies a Tomb?  
 And dost thou, canst thou speak it and not blush?  
 If thou wo't cast him out, expose his Carcase;  
 Cast me out too, his Wife and helpless Infant;  
 We'll die together; 'tis a Cause more glorious  
 To die, for I will die, in his Defence.

Thas

Than for thy Wife, thy Brother, or for thee.  
But look to thy self well; consult thy Safety  
Nor dare to injure me, least thou shou'dst wish  
Thou hadst not shewn thy Bravery on me.



## A C T V. S C E N E III.

CHORUS. ULYSSES. AGAMEMNON. TEUCER.  
TECHMISSE. EURYSACES.

Chor. In happy Time, O King of *Ithaca*,  
Art thou arriv'd; if friendly thou art come  
To heal this Breach between these angry Chiefs.

Ulyss. What mean you Princes? I have heard from far  
The great *Atridae* high in clam'rous Rage,  
Concerning this brave Man lies dead before us.

Aga. Have I not Cause to rage? Royal Ulysses! 105  
The vile Reproach this Railer here has utter'd!

Ulyss. What Railer? What Reproach? Wrath will  
meet Wrath,

And angry Words are ever paid in Kind.

Aga. 'Tis true I spoke him ill; ill as he meant me. 110

Ulyss. How meant you ill?

Aga. In spite of my Command.  
H'as dar'd to say, this Body shall be bury'd.

Ulyss. Will you permit your Friend to speak the  
Truth,

And

And be as much your Friend, as if he had not?

*Aga.* Speak what you please, of me secure, who  
always Esteem you as the greatest Friend to Greece.

*Ulyss.* Then by the Gods I beg, permit him not  
To be cast out unpity'd, unintomb'd,  
Nor let your Passion over-rule your Justice.  
Of all the Greeks, he was most hateful to me,  
E'er since I won the great *Achilles* Arms;  
But now, whate'er he has been to me, now  
I wou'd not wrong his Fame, but freely own  
He was the greatest of the *Grecian* Chiefs,  
Except *Achilles*, who embark'd for *Troy*.  
Then rob him not of Honours are his due,  
Nor is it *Ajax*, but the Gods you violate,  
And trample on their Laws. Howe'er we hate  
The Brave when Living, none offend the Dead.

*Aga.* Dost thou defend him then, *Ulysses*?

*Ulyss.* Yes; I hated, whilst 'twas generous to hate. 130

*Aga.* Hast thou not Cause to tread on to insult him?

*Ulyss.* Oh King forbear this Triumph! 'Tis not well.

*Aga.* 'Tis hard for Princes always to do well.

*Ulyss.* Yet 'tis not hard to listen to your Friends.

*Aga.* Good Friends advise not when they should  
obey. 135

*Ulyss.* Yet yield; 'tis not in Friendship as in War;  
Of Friends he conquers most, who most submits.

*Aga.* Remember for what Man you ask this Favour.

*Ulyss.*

# A 3 A X.

He was my Foe, but he was generous too.

Aga. Art thou so fond then of a Foe when Dead?

honour with me shall always vanquish hate.

such easy Indolence is mere Stupidity. T C A

Ulyss. Friendship and Enmity by turns we prove. 140

Aga. Then thou wouldest chuse such Friends as no C

Ulyss. I must confess, H U L Y A C

my heart abhors the Merciless and Cruel.

Aga. Thou talk'st as if thou wouldest accuse us.

Ulyss. No. 149

would approve you to the Greeks as just.

Aga. Thou counsell'st then, I shou'd permit his Burial.

Ulyss. Yes; I remember I my self must die.

Aga. Men are the same; all Labour for themselves.

Ulyss. My self before shou'd claim my first Regards. 150

Aga. This Deed shall bear your Name, not mine.

Ulysses.

Ulyss. Praise for good Deeds still wait upon the Door.

Aga. Then know, my Friend, that this, or greater

Things,

Ulysses cou'd not ask, and not obtain.

For this—he shall be Agamemnon's Foe

Alive, or dead; but you may do your Pleasure.

Ulysses



E

ACT.



## A C T V. S C E N E IV.

CHORUS, ULYSSES, TELICER, TELEMESSES,  
EURYSACES.

*Chor.* Whoe'er, Ulysses, says thou art not Wife,  
Only discovers that he is not so.

*Ulyss.* From what I've said and done, let *Themis*  
know,

My present Love equals my former Hate.  
Permit me then to share the common Toil,  
Let me assist to lay him in his Grave;  
And pay all Honours to a Hero due.

*Tess.* Excellent Prince! how cou'd I speak thy  
Praise,

But thou prevent'st my Wishes and my Hopes:  
For, tho' of all the Greeks his greatest Foe,  
Thou only hast stood by him, nor hast ta'en  
Th' unmanly Pleasure to insult the Dead.

Not so, the Brother Chiefs, who thundering loud  
With vile Reproaches wou'd have thrown him out  
Unsepulcher'd: So may th' Imperious King  
Of high *Olympus*, so th' indignant Furies,  
And so revengeful *Themis* throw them hence,  
And pay th' Indignities they wou'd have offer'd.

But now, O generous Son of old *Laertes*,

Forbear

Forbear to mingle with our Funeral taste,  
 Nor bring a Hand displeasing to the Dead,  
 In other things assist; if any one  
 O'th' Army hither thou woud'st bring, he's welcome. 180  
 The rest shall be my care. Farewel, *Ulysses*,  
 A Brave Man and a Worthy have I found thee.

*Ulyss.* I wish my Service had been grateful to you,  
 But since it is not, I give place and leave you.

[*Exit ULYSSES.*]

*Ten.* Enough ——— much Time has been already  
 spent, 185

Some of you hasten, and prepare a Tomb;  
 Some place the Sacred Tripod o'er the Flames,  
 That we may wash the flowing Gore away,  
 The last sad Act of Love! for still the Blood  
 Wells from the gaping Wound in Purple Streams. 190  
 Bring too in silent Pomp the Hero's Arms,  
 And all the mournful Ornaments of War,  
 And thou, O Child, with all the Strength thou hast,  
 And Love, assist to raise thy Father up.  
 Haste every one, who wou'd be call'd his Friend 195  
 A Friend to *Ajax*, and deserve the Name,  
 Administer to this brave wretched Man,  
 A happier you may serve, but not a greater Lord.

*Chor.* We know but what we see; for all our Pride,  
 Experience is the Mortal's only Guide: 210  
 For all beyond is dark Futurity,  
 A vast, unknown, unnavigable Sea.

F I N I S.

## XII

2. N. I. E.



# NOTES UPON A J A X.

THE Title of this TRAGEDY in the Greek, is "Ajax  
*Μασιγόφορος*, or *Ajax* the *Whip-bearer*; but as  
that sounds a little oddly in English, I have re-  
tain'd only the single Name. The Subject of this Poem  
is the Madness of *Ajax*, and the Consequences of it.  
The Cause of this Frenzy is from the Injustice which he  
suppos'd was done him by the Chiefs of the *Grecian Army*,  
in his Contention with *Ulysses* for the Armour of  
*Achilles*. Those Princes upon hearing their several Pre-  
tentions, had adjudg'd the Prize to *Ulysses*, which *A-  
jax* look'd upon as an Effect of Partiality, and their  
Votes being underhand corrupted by the Practices of  
*Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, in favour of his Adversary;  
and so *Teucer* tells *Menelaus* in the Fourth Act of this  
Play. The Resentment of this Injury, makes *Ajax*  
resolve to fall upon *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, and *Ulysses*.  
And in order to execute this Purpose, he goes out by  
Night: But *Minerva* the Patroness of the *Greeks*, and  
especially of *Ulysses*, inspires him with Madness, and  
makes him take the Herdsman with the Herds and  
Flocks, which belong'd to the *Grecian Army*, for the  
*Greeks* themselves; accordingly he falls upon 'em, kills  
the

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the Herdsman and abundance of the Cattle, and some of 'em he brings as Prisoners home to his Tent. Amongst the rest, one particular Ram he takes for *Ulysses*, which he ties to a Pillar, and scourges. This Passage gives the Name of *Μαστιγόφερος*, or Whip-bearer to the *Play*. After the first Violences of his Rage had spent themselves in this manner, the Poet very artfully brings him back to his Senses again, and it is upon this Occasion that he raises the Pity for his Hero. For when *Ajax* comes to consider how mean and unworthy an Action his Rage had carry'd him on to commit, how unsuitable it was to all the glorious Parts of his Life, the Resentment of it strikes so deep that he resolves to kill himself. In order to which, he conceals the Agitations of his Mind from *Tecmessa* his Wife, and the *Chorus* of his Sea-Officers, lest they should hinder him: And pretending to go out upon a Religious Account of cleansing himself from the Blood he had been in his Madness polluted with, in a neighbouring Wood, he falls upon his Sword and dies. Here naturally the Action of the *Play* determines. But the Poet, after this had happen'd, in the Beginning of the Fourth Act, brings in *Tenacer*, resolving to bury him; which *Menelaus* first, and after *Agamemnon*, out of Revenge oppose, till at last the latter is prevail'd upon by *Ulysses* to suffer it. This is certainly what the Criticks call a Duplicity of Action, and exactly contrary to the Rules and Nature of Dramatick Poetry. In excuse for it, we may imagine, that the great Care the Antients had for their Sepulture and Funeral Rites, thinking nothing could be a greater Curse than the Want of these last Honours, drew the Poets, and especially the *Greeks*, into Descriptions of, and (as in this Place) into Disputes about Funerals, tho' the Death of the Person had determin'd the Action. This, with all manner of Submission to his Memory, is fairly to be objected against *Homer*, whatever Madam *Dacier*, or *Pere Boffu*, have said to the contrary

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contrary. For after *Achilles* had establish'd his own Reputation, and retriev'd the Grecian Affairs, (which seems to be the one Design of the Iliad) by the Death of *Hector*, what Occasion was there for Games, in Honour of *Patroclus*'s Funeral, or *Priam*'s Care in relation to *Hector*. So in the *Odyssey*, the Death of the Wooers, was the proper End of the Story, and there was no Occasion to inform the Readers how they were bury'd. This *Virgil* 'certainly saw and avoid'd the Fault, making the Death of *Turnus* end the *Aeneid*.

In giving the Argument, I thought it proper to point out this Fault in the Contrivance of the Fable. Whatever else of Faults or Beauties I have observ'd; I shall take notice of 'em in the Course of the following *Short Notes* as they occur'd to me.

## Notes upon the First ACT.

Verse 9. *Spartan Hound.*] The *Spartan Dogs* were particularly famous for Hunting. See *Gratius Faliscus*, *Cyn.* 211.

— *Non patria vulgo  
Sparta suos & Creta suos promittit alumnos.*

*Et Virg. Geor. 3. 405.*

*Velocis Sparta Catulos acremque molossum  
Pascere sero pingui.*

ÿ. 16. *Beloved Minerva.*] The Greek is *φιλάρτης*. I question, whether in regard to the Respect due to a Goddess, it were not better to render it *friendly* or *most friendly and kind*.

ÿ. 18. *Heard, tho' unseen.*] The Gods did very often honour their Favourites with personal Interviews, of which there are many Examples in *Homer*. But here 'tis plain, *Minerva* thought fit to be invisible.

ÿ. 21. *Tyrrhen Trumpet.*] The Scholiast observes this as a Beauty from the Trumpets of that Country, being reckon'd the best and sweetest sounding. The

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Tyrrhen Trumpets were first brought into Greece, and us'd by Arichondas in a Battle with the Heraclidae.

¶. 23. Target bearing.] This Epithet is particularly applicable to *Ajax* for his sevenfold Shield.

¶. 27. For doubting.] There is a good deal of Art in this Passage; the Design of the Poet is plainly to raise the Character of *Ulysses* through this whole Tragedy, which he executes very skilfully; at the same time that he proposes *Ajax*, who is his Enemy, as the Object of Compassion; and therefore there is a good deal of Generosity in *Ulysses*'s, doubting whether *Ajax* could be guilty of so scandalous and unworthy an Action. It is artful likewise upon another account, since by *Ulysses*'s Ignorance, *Minerva* is properly introduc'd relating the whole Matter as it happen'd.

¶. 38. To track him.] This is without doubt the meaning of the Author. Tho' if a Man might be allow'd to find Faults in so great an Author, this Image of Hunting, which is carry'd on thro' this Scene, seems to me a little too mean, especially that *Ulysses* should compare *himself* to a Dog with his Nose to the Ground. In a Narration plac'd in the Mouth of another Person, it might be more proper.

¶. 87. I fear not.] This Passage is a little unworthy of *Tragedy*, and the Goddess seems to divert her self a little too pleasanly with the Fright of *Ulysses*. The Scholiast excuses him as afraid of the Madness more than the Man.

¶. 104. With golden Spoils.] The Greek says Στίψει, I will crown Thee, but certainly it is more proper to think that what was to be offer'd, was to be in the Temple of *Pallas*.

¶. 113. Mighty Judges.] These Words are not in the Greek, but I think not improperly added for the Explanation of what *Ajax* means in the next Verse. The same Liberty is taken in other Places.

Cho. And yet without the envy'd Grot.] This is somewhat

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somewhat more largely in the Greek, but I think the English takes in the Sense of the whole.

## Notes upon the Second A C T.

¶. 15. *Unutterable Tale.*] The Greek Word Ἀπίπτος means not only *what was not spoken*, but also *what cannot be spoken*; and this indefinite manner of speaking with a limited Signification, is very often us'd in Prose as well as Verse. St. Paul uses this very Word in the same Sense as here given, ἔνσοι ἀπίπτα φωνα, *be heard unspeakable Words*, 2 Cor. 12. 4.

¶. 53. *Ston'd, bruis'd.*] The Greek is, I fear, *Mars the Lapidator or Stoner.* The Scholiast observes from a Passage in *Homer*, that the Word Ἀγες or *Mars* is used for ὀλευθός *Death.*

¶. 61. *Worse than being mad.*] The Greek is, *administers great Griefs.*

¶. 69. *Ajax not mad.*] The Greek is, *we being no longer diseas'd.* But 'tis plain, *Tecmessa* speaks in the Person of *Ajax*.

¶. 86. *Took his Sword.*] The Greek Word is ἐξοσ a Spear.

¶. 87. *To go forth.*] The Greek says he did ἐξόδεις ἐγενέτο, *Steal forth on vain or empty Pretences.*

¶. 110. *Into the House.*] The Greek Word δόμος, must mean his Habitation; it was in the Camp, and was a Tent.

¶. 115. *Tearing his Hair with Anguish.*] The Greek says *with his Nails*, but that sounds not so well in English.

4. 169. *And mix with these.*] These Words are not in the Greek.

¶. 220. *A Train of Evils follow close.*] The Greek is, *we lie amongst, or next to the foolish Prey*, μωρής δ' ἀλεγίς προσοπίσμενα, I fancy it may refer to his lying among the Beasts he had kill'd. This Passage is obscure; according to that Interpretation, the Meaning of it would be render'd thus. *In the loss of Achilles's Armour, good Fortune forsook me and those who*

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base relation to me (for so I understand τοῦ ὀφελίας) and now we lie amongst the foolish Prey (that is, the Beasts, which in my Folly I have kill'd). But the Translation seems to set it in a more beautiful Light, by rendering the Words μεγάλης αἰσχύς figuratively, the Misfortunes which were likely to surround Ajax and his Friends in Consequence of his Folly.

¶. 242. *Ah! ah! my Sorrows.*] This is a Figure of Speech call'd punning, but how fit for Tragedy, I leave to those who are Judges of the Gravity and Dignity of this kind of Writing. Ovid is very full of this Conceit, he mentions it both in the Story of *Hyacinthus*, and that of *Ajax*, who according to him, were both turn'd into the Flower, bearing the Name of the former. Upon the Leaf of it was inscrib'd, "Αι, "Αι, which was not only the Mark of Apollo's Complaint for the Boy, but the Beginning of *Ajax*'s Name.

*Littera Communis medijs puerq; viroq;  
Inscripta est folijs; huc Nominis, illa querel.*

Ovid M. Lib. 13.

¶. 304. *Domestick Jove.*] Jupiter, who presided over Families, the *Lar Familiaris*.

¶. 333. *Ingratitude is an*] These two verses sum up the meaning of four and a half in the Greek; the literal Translation is thus—— It becomes a Man to remember a Pleasure that has been done him; for Kindness always begets Kindness; but he who forgets a Benefit, can never be reckon'd a Man well born, or as we say, a Gentleman.

¶. 388. *The curst Ulysses.*] The Greek is, He who is my Plague. But the Translation bears the Sense more according to our manner or Expression.

¶. 390. *It bears thy Name.*] *Euryaces* signifies broad Shield——from εὐρύς ἄσπις.

¶. 398. *Is not to charm.*] οὐεῖν εἰπεῖν; the Custom was very ancient of curing by incantation; so the blood of *Ulysses* is stop'd in *Homer* by the Sons of *Antolyceus*.

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thens; And Lucian describes the *Psylli* curing Caro's Soldiers, who were stung by Serpents, after the same manner. For the Relation the word *ἰπωδή* has to Poetry, see the Criticks, and especially Monsieur Dacier upon *Horace*; here it signifies a Charm.

ÿ. 400. *Shoot Daggers.*] The Greek is, *Thy words do not please me.*

ÿ. 406. *Talk not so rashly.*] Gr. *speak good Words.*

ÿ. 409. *I've heard too much.*] Gr. *You talk, or make too much Noise already.*

ÿ. 414. *Still wo't thou.*] Here *Ajax* forces her into the Tent with him.

## Notes on the Third ACT.

This turn of *Ajax*, his seeming return to his Temper again at the intreaty of *Tecmessa*, and in consideration of the wretched Condition he should leave her and his Son in, is very beautiful.

ÿ. 19. *My worst of Enemys.*] The Greek is, *who bears me the most ill will, who is the worst inclin'd to me;* tho' I can't see for what reason *Ajax* should look upon *Hector*, as more his Enemy than any other of the Trojan Princes: 'Tis true they had fought a single Combate, but both came off with honour. — Our *Shakespear* has made a mistake (which is not very strange for him to do in a thing of this kind) in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*; where, introducing this Duel, he makes *Hector* tell *Ajax* he was the Son of his Aunt *Hesone*, *Priam's* Sister, and by consequence his (*Hector's*) Cousin. But the Greek Scholiast observes upon a passage in this Play. [Act 2d. v. 283. of the Translation,] that *Telamon* had two Wives, of whom *Eribaea* was the Mother of *Ajax*, and *Hesone* of *Teucer*.

ÿ. 20. *I've been unhappy.*] Gr. *I've had no regard from the Greeks.*

ÿ. 50. *Ajax in happier Circumstance.*] The Greek is, *sav'd deliver'd;* it is a double meaning. The Chorus understand

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understands it, as freed from his Distemper or Madness. But 'tis plain by the Consequence, that he means deliver'd from the miseries of Life, by Death.

Y. 52. O Pan!] It seems a little odd that the Chorus consisting of Mariners, should invoke *Pan*: But the Greek Scholiast upon the place tells us that *Pan* is invocated by them as Patron and Protector of *Chorus's*. There seems to me to be a good deal of difficulty in the Epithet which in this place in the *Greek* is given to *Pan*: For what has *ἀλιπλάγχυν*, which signifies Sea-wandering, or tost about at Sea, to do with the God of Shepherds? The reasons given in the Greek Scholiasts are, first because *Pan* had been assistant to the *Athenians* in a Sea-Fight; Or else for his being worship'd in high places near the Sea; His catching *Typhon* the Gyant in a Net; his being the particular God of Fishermen; (the reason of which Mythology I am a little at a loss for) or his loving Noise in his Chorus or Dancing. But these seem to be very far fetch'd, and like the discoveries of Grammarians: *Macrobius* in his *Saturnalia*, Lib. 1. Cap. 22. says, that by *Pan* the wiser People understood the Sun, and that the *Arcadians* worship'd *Pan* as *τὸν τῆς ὄλης κύρον*, not only as the God who presided among Woods, but as the Lord of universal matter. Yet still this sense will not remove the difficulty, for if he be invok'd as the Sun, or the supreme Author of all things, why is he design'd by a particular Epithet, and call'd from a local Habitation, the Mountain *Cyllene*. Mr. *Johnson* indeed in his excellent version of this place renders it *Mari per errato*; which is as if we should say,

O *Pan*, cross over the Sea, come from *Cyllene*, &c.

But with all imaginable deference to so learned a Man, I cannot but think the Poet meant by this Epithet to design some particular Action, Office or Attribute of the God *Pan*.

In the Erato of *Herodotus*, mention is made of *Pan's* appearing

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appearing to one *Phidippides* declaring the Friendship he bore to the *Athenians*, and upbraiding them with the little regard they had hitherto shew'd for him. But this was long after the time of the *Trojan War*, and could not be the reason why the *Salaminian* Mariners invoke him here.

### Notes on the Fourth ACT.

The Scene lies in a Wood, whither *Ajax* has retir'd, that he might not be prevented in his design of killing himself; upon the opening of the Scene his Sword appears with the hilt fix'd in the ground, and the point upwards.

¶. 2. *With best.*] The Greek says, *where it may cut most effectually*; if there be leisure for such a Reflection.

¶. 3. *Whom my Soul abhorr'd.*] Here is another place where *Ajax* expresses a particular resentment against *Hector*; tho' as I hinted before, I don't know for what reason.

¶. 6. *Iron-edging.*] Gr. Iron-eating.

¶. 10. *Aid when I call.*] The Greek is, *O Jupiter assist me as is fitting*; and the Greek Scholiast upon this place observes very gravely, that *Jupiter* was his *παππας*, or great Grandfather; and therefore ought to take Care of him.

¶. 19. *On Mercury.*] *Mercury's* Office of Conducting the Dead is very well known, and therefore *Ajax* invokes him properly on this occasion, by the Name of *Ἑγυς χθονις*, or Terrestrial *Mercury*, to distinguish this from his other Employment. And not only *Ajax*, but indeed every body us'd to invoke *Mercury* when they were just dying. There is a particular instance of this in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. 2. Cap. 6. where the *Cean* Matron who is about to poison her self, calls upon *Mercury* to take Care of her. These Prayers whether offer'd to *Mercury*, or any other God, were call'd *ἴξιθειοι εὐχαι*, Prayers at going away, or before a Journey.

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¶. 23. *Afflicting Furies.*] The Furies were called *Σεμναι θεαι*, or venerable Goddesses, and had a particular Festival set apart for their Worship.

*Semichorus.*] Several Criticks, and especially the French, and those English ones who gather their Learning in these Matters from them, have made a great rout about the Use and Ornament the Chorus was to the ancient Stage: And what a great advantage the restoring it wou'd be to the modern *Drama*. But with submission to better Judgments; I cannot but think the Introduction of it, as it was us'd by the Ancients, wou'd appear to us absurd. The number of the Persons who compos'd it before the time of *Sophocles*, consisted of Twelve; and the Grammarians who has given us his Life, tell us he increas'd it to Fifteen; they consisted of Persons who had some civil relation to the principal Characters of the Play; in this Tragedy they are Sea-men, in the *Electra* they are young Maids of Quality; in the *Antigone* they are Theban Citizens: They serve to fill up the gaps of the Action, and keep the Stage always employ'd; their Business was commonly to advise or comfort Persons in afflictions, and to make suitable moral Reflections upon Remarkable Passages. This they did sometimes Speaking, and sometimes Singing. At the end of every Act they almost always sung. This latter Custom might agree well enough with our Audiences, and supply the place of the Musick between the Acts; but to see a company of old Gentlemen from talking gravely, to fall a singing as they do upon *Creon's Sentence* against *Antigone* in the Tragedy which bears her Name, wou'd I fancy look very odd to us. The most material and proper use, tho' without the Name of a Chorus, is preserv'd among us; and most of our modern Plays, especially those of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, have a convenient number of inferior Characters, which perform every office of the ancient Chorus, the Musical part only excepted. And as those Characters are distinguished.

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tinguished by several Names, they seem to me to represent the Dialogue more naturally to the imagination of the Reader, than when they are set down altogether in a Troop. In the passage which gave occasion to this reflection they are divided, as if one should say in the Stile of our own Plays, Enter *Seven Men* on one side, and *Eight Men* on t' other, and then go on with the Scene.

7 Men. O Ship Companions we are met again.

8 Men. What News? &c.

I must own setting 'em down in a Lump after this manner, has sometimes given me an Image of a Company of People speaking the same thing all together, like a Congregation. But perhaps to graver Judgments it may not appear in this odd light, and of such I ask pardon for this Remark.

γ. 91. *Now weep.]* Gr. Since he is in this Condition, or since the matter is thus, it is fit to mourn.

γ. 100. *Ill Fated.]* The Greek is, *of an unlucky Name.* Referring to *Ai*, the expression of Complaint.

γ. 131. *In whose dread presence.]* The literal sense of the Greek is, *what Spys or Over-lookers are coming upon us.* I take the meaning to be, Who are we to be brought before? who is to view us, as those do who buy Slaves.

γ. 140. *To gratifie Ulysses.]* It seems unworthy of the Divine Nature, that the Gods should take such part with the perverseness of our Passions, as to punish one Man only to gratify the Malice of another. But this is one ill effect of what was very ornamental to their Writings. The Machinery of the Ancient Poets, where the Gods are every moment descending and mixing with the affairs of human Life. In *Homer* there is hardly a Stone or Javelin thrown, or an Arrow shot, that is not either directed or turn'd aside by some God. What miserable wooden Puppets upon Wires are the Heroes all the while! How much more noble and suitable to the dignity

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dignity of those Notions we ought to have of God, is the Christian System of Providence ; where tho' there is a constant Care of us that accompanies the whole course of our Lives, yet Man is still left in the dignity of a free Agent.

¶. 146.] *Virtutem incolumem odimus.* Hor. vid.

¶. 173. *Where's his Child?*] Gr. Whereabouts in the Trojan Land is the Child of this Man?

¶. 239. *The Gods are Authors.*] This is another ill effect of making the Gods to interfere so frequently in human Affairs ; charging 'em as the Authors of Evil, and laying all the misfortunes that happen to us in consequence of our own folly and perverseness at the door of Heaven. And according to the Theology of the Grecian Poets, what other notion can one have of the Gods?

¶. 243. *Hast thou no other?*] The Greek is, have you no Cause for what you say?

¶. 262. *Untameable by Reason.*] Gr. While living he wou'd never listen to my Reasons.

¶. 300. *Command your Slaves.*] The Greek Scholiast observes very well upon this passage, that Teucer avoids the Justification of his Brother's attempt against the Lives of the Grecian Princes, and insists upon his independency. *Command your Slaves.*] Gr. Command those whom you do (or have a right to) command; Όντες ἀρχεῖς ἀρχεῖ.

¶. 307. *But for his Oath.*] Tyndarus exacted an Oath of all the Princes who pretended to his Daughter Helen, that they would assist the Man who should marry her ; and if any other should take her away by force, that they should all join and raise an Army to recover her.

¶. 311. *Thou wert ten times.*] The Greek is, Tho' thou wert what thou art.

¶. 314. *The Archer.*] Teucer was famous for his Bow.

¶. 346. *Thus have I seen.*] This Image seems a little Recherché ; however I fancy it was something that the Poet

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Poet had seen himself. It may be there was a piece of Satire in it, and *Sophocles* design'd some one of his own time who had been kick'd by the Sailors on such an occasion.

l. 361. *And now I see him.*] There are some Turns of Raillery in this Scene, which seem unworthy of Tragedy.

l. 375. *Take thou my Hair.*] This was a piece of Religion very frequent among the *Greeks*; and the Scholiast seems to say, that this *ἱρέας τράνης* this Treasure of Supplication, as the Poet calls the Hair, alludes to the *κλαδοὶ ἱρέας*, or holy Branches which they carry'd in their Hands during their imploring Help from the Gods. It was a Custom likewise to cut off their Hair at Funerals, but that does not seem alluded to here.

l. 410. *Such is the Fate.*] *Sophocles* calls their Misfortunes *Μνήματα τρώας*, the Remembrances of *Troy*.

l. 411. *Once the impenetrable Shield.*] The Greek is, once valiant *Ajax* was my Defence against the Dangers of Night and Arms, but now he is given up to an evil *Demon* or *Fate*.

l. 420. *Sunian Lands.*] The Greek is, where the Woody Promontory over-looks the Sea under the Top of *Sunium*.

l. 424. *Sacred native Soil.*] Greek, sacred *Athens*.

## Notes upon the Fifth ACT.

*Agamemnon's* denying of Burial to *Ajax*, which makes the Subject of this Act, however harsh it may seem was not however unprecedented or unjustifiable. The learned Dr. *Potter* in his *Grecian Antiquities*, observes very well from several Passages in *Homer*, that it was a common Treatment which ev'n the bravest Men gave to their Enemies; that *Hector* threatn'd it to *Patroclus*, and *Achilles* actually made it a part of his Revenge upon *Hector*. Besides the same Author tells us, that *Suicide*, tho' upon some occasions thought laudable, yet

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yet in other Cases, as especially in this of Ajax, the Persons who kill'd themselves, were look'd on as criminal, and the Rites of Funeral were deny'd 'em by way of Punishment.

v. 40. *To talk with Slaves.*] Here and above, v. 6. Agamemnon reproaches Teucer as the Son of a Slave, meaning Hesione, who was the Captive of Hercules, and given by him to his Friend Telamon, the Father of Teucer. The Children of Mothers who were Slaves, were not allow'd to speak in publick among the Athenians. 'Tis in regard to his Mother likewise, that he calls him a *Barbarian*.

v. 42. *Forbear this Rage.*] The Greek is, I wish you would both be in your right Senses; for so the Word *eupagia* signifies in opposition to *Malopon*.

The Business of the *Chorus* is generally, as I observ'd before, to do good Offices, to reprove, to admonish, to comfort, and (as here) to reconcile; but their Characters being mean, as being Mariners, or at best, but inferior Sea-Officers, the two Hero's seem to take little Notice of their Interposition.

v. 68. *A piece of moisten'd Clay.*] The Scholiasts upon this Place, observe that the Lots made use of on this Occasion, were round Pellets of Clay, which were shaken about in a Helmet, and as they were mark'd severally with the Name of the Person who put 'em in, he whose Lot was first thrown out, was to fight with Hector. For which Reason, Teucer, in Honour to his Brother, says he did not put in a Ball of wet Clay which might stick to the Helmet, and so avoid the Combat, but one that was dry and light, and which would probably leap out the first, as in fact it did. The old Scholiast takes particular Notice, that this Trick of casting Lots with a wet Pellet, was play'd by Cresphontes with the Sons of Aristodemus.

v. 78. *Think on thy Cretan Mother.*] Teucer does not reproach Aerope, who was the Mother of Agamemnon, as a *Barbarian*, in being a *Cretan*, but reflects on his Father

## Notes upon Ajax.

Father for marrying a Foreigner. This was reckon'd amongst the ancient Greeks as very dishonourable, and among the Athenians, Children born of such Mothers, were look'd upon as illegitimate: And Plutarch tells us, 'that *Themistocles* who was but of the Half-blood of *Athens*, us'd to desire the noble *Athenians* to go with him to the Places of publick Exercise, to take off or lessen the Disgrace of this Distinction, by being seen in their Company. This Story of the Adultery of *Agamemnon*'s Mother is to be found in the *Cretan Women* of *Euripides*.

v. 92. *Cast me out too.*] The Commentators differ upon this Passage, and I have ventur'd to depart from the most receiv'd Interpretation. The old Scholiast would have *Teucer* mean, himself, *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*, by *τρεῖς ὥντες οὐκετίνεις*; as if he should say, *If you expose my Brother, I'll be kill'd in his Defence, but I will first kill you and Menelaus, and then we shall be all expos'd together.* But with Submission, the Sense which is given in the Translation, is much more probable, as that tender Sentiment might naturally rise in the Mind of *Teucer*, upon casting his Eyes on *Tecmessa* and *Euryaces*, who during this whole Act, are suppos'd to sit by the Body of *Ajax*.

v. 115. *Then by the Gods.*] This Turn of *Ulysses* interposing in behalf of his Enemy, is very beautiful.

v. 135. *Good Friends advise not.*] The Greek is, a good Man ought to obey those in Power. This is meant to reflect upon *Ajax*, and as a Reproof to the Importunity of *Ulysses* at the same time.

v. 141. *Honour with me.*] Mr. Johnson in his Notes upon this Passage, has very justly observ'd, that the Word *ἀγέρν* here signifies Pity or Honour.

v. 142. *Such easie Indolence.*] The Greek is, such sort of Men are stupid. That is as the Scholiast explains it, Men who can so easily change from Hatred to Friendship, are insensible and dull. *Agamemnon* reproaches *Ulysses* with the Facility of his Temper in forgiving his Enemy.

Enemy. To which he replies very properly, that it is not the Property of human Nature to perfuse always in Love or Hate.

v. 147. *Accuse us.*] Greek, this Day you will show us to be base.

v. 166. *To a Hero due.*] The Greek is, to the best of most excellent Men.

v. 189. *That we may wash.*] There seems to be no particular Reason given by *Tenier* here for washing his Brothers Body. But whether that had been or no, washing was a Religious Ceremony which was among the Ancients always perform'd on dead Bodies before their Funerals.

So *Virgil* in the Sixth *Aeneid*, speaking of the Funeral of *Misenus*.

*Pars Calidos Latices & abena undantia flammis  
Expediunt, Corpusq; lavant frigentis—*

And *Plato* says, that *Socrates* wash'd himself before he was put to death, to save the Women a trouble.

v. 192. *The Hero's Arms.*] This was always an Honour paid to Soldiers. So *Virgil* in the passage just before.

—*Decorantq; super fulgentibus Armis.*

And in the Eleventh Book among those who follow'd *Pallas* the Son of *Evander*.

*Hastam alij Galeamq; ferunt—*

v. 200. *We know but what we see.*] This Moral is too general, and might serve to any other Play as well as this. In plain *English* it means no more than Who cou'd have thought it? the true and natural Moral arising from the Story of the Play is, That People who give way to the sentiments of Rage and Revenge, fall into great Misfortunes.